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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE PRESIDENT'S VETO OF THE FREEDMEN'S BILL.

[Last week we gave the remarkable speech of the President made on Washington's birth-day at the White House. To-day his Veto Message goes, and most appropriately, into the same department of THE STANDARD. In point of time it should have had priority, but the speech came two days after it, and vetoed for the hour, the very veto itself, and imperilled everything else. Our readers, we doubt not, will be glad to preserve both documents as history, and so we place them within their reach.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19th, 1866.

THE following Message was received by the Senate to-day from President Johnson:

To the Senate of the United States:

I have examined with care the bill which originated in the Senate, and has been passed by the two Houses of Congress, to amend an act entitled "An act to establish a Bureau for the relief of Freedmen and Refugees, and for other purposes." Having with much regret come to the conclusion that it would not be consistent with the public welfare to give my approval to the measure, I return the bill to the Senate, with my objections to its becoming a law.

THE OBJECTIONS TO THE BILL.

I might call to mind, in advance, these objections; that there is no immediate necessity for the proposed measure; the act to establish a Bureau for Freedmen and Refugees, which was approved in the month of March last has not yet expired, it was thought stringent and extensive enough for the purpose in view; before it ceases to have its effect further experience may assist to guide us to a wise conclusion as to the policy to be adopted in time of peace.

I have, with Congress, the strongest desire to secure to freedmen the full enjoyment of their freedom and their property and their entire independence and equality in making contracts for their labor. But the bill before me contains provisions, which, in my opinion, are not warranted by the Constitution, and are not well suited to accomplish the end in view.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL FEATURES OF THE MEASURE.

The bill proposes to establish its provisions by authority of Congress, over all parts of the United States containing refugees and freedmen. It would, by its very nature, apply with the most force to those parts of the United States in which the freedmen most abound, and it expressly extends the existing temporary jurisdiction of the Freedmen's Bureau, with greatly enlarged powers, over the States in which the ordinary course of judicial proceedings has been interrupted by the rebellion. The source from which this military jurisdiction is to emanate is none other than the President of the United States acting through the War Department and the Commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau. The agents to carry out this military jurisdiction are to be selected either from the army or from civil life. The country is to be divided into districts and sub-districts, and the number of salaried agents to be employed may be equal to the number of counties or parishes in all the United States, where freedmen and refugees are to be found. The subjects over which this military jurisdiction is to extend in every part of the United States, include protection to all employees, agents and officers of this Bureau in the exercise of the duties imposed upon them by the bill.

In eleven States it is further to extend over all cases affecting freedmen and refugees discriminated against by local law, custom or prejudice. In these eleven States the bill subjects any white person who may be charged with depriving a freedman of any rights or immunities belonging to white persons, to imprisonment or fine, or both, without, however, defining the civil rights and immunities which are thus to be secured to the freedmen by military law. This military jurisdiction also extends to all questions that may arise respecting contracts. The agents who are thus to exercise the office of a military judge may be strangers entirely ignorant of the laws of the place, and exposed to errors of judgment of which all men are liable. The exercise of power, over which there is no legal supervision, by so vast a number of agents, as is contemplated by the bill, must, by the very nature of man, be attended by acts of caprice, injustice and passion. The trials having their origin under this bill are to take place without intervention of jury, and without any fixed rules of law or evidence.

The rules on which offences are to be heard and determined by the numerous agents are such rules and regulations as the President, through the War Department, shall prescribe. No previous presentment is required, nor any indictment charging the commission of a crime against the laws, but the trial must proceed on charges and specifications. The punishment will be not what the law declares, but such as the court-martial may think proper, and from these arbitrary tribunals there lies no appeal, no writ of error to any of the Courts in which the Constitution of the United States vests exclusively the judicial power of the country. While the territory and the class of actions and offences that are made subject to this measure are so extensive that the bill itself, should it become a law, will have no limitation in point of time, but will form a part of the permanent legislation of the country, I cannot reconcile a system of military jurisdiction of this kind with the words of the Constitution, which declare that "no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of the grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces, or in the militia when in actual service in time of war or public danger," and "that in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury of the State or district wherein the crime shall be committed."

The safeguards which the wisdom and experience of ages have employed to establish as securities for the protection of the innocent, the punishment of the guilty, and the equal administration of justice are to be set aside, and for the sake of more rigorous interposition in behalf of justice, we are to take the risk of the many acts of injustice that would of necessity follow from an almost countless number of agents established in every parish or county in nearly one third of the States of the Union over whose decision there is to be no supervision or control by the Federal courts. The power that would be thus placed in the hands of the President is such as in time of peace certainly ought never to be entrusted to any one man. If it be asked whether the creation of such a tribunal within a State is warranted as a measure of war, the question immediately presents itself whether we are still engaged in war. Let us not unnecessarily disturb the commerce and credit and industry of the country by declaring to the American people and the world that the United States are still in a condition of civil war. At present there is no part of our country in which the authority of the United States is disputed. Offences that may be committed by individuals should not work a forfeiture of the rights of the same communities. The country has entered, or is returning to a state of peace and industry, and the rebellion is, in fact, at an end. The measure, therefore, seems to be as inconsistent with the actual condition of the country as it is at variance with the Constitution of the United States.

OBJECTION TO THE PERMANENT CHARACTER OF THE BILL.

If passing from general considerations, we examine the bill in detail as open to weighty objections. In time of war it was eminently proper that we should provide for those who were passing suddenly from a condition of bondage to a state of freedom; but this bill proposes to make the Freedmen's Bureau, established by the act of 1865 as one of many great and extraordinary military measures to suppress a formidable rebellion, a permanent branch of the public administration with its powers greatly enlarged. I have no reason to suppose, and I do not understand it to be alleged, that the act of March, 1865, has proved deficient for the purpose for which it was passed, although at the time, and for a considerable period thereafter, the Government of the United States remained unacknowledged in most of the States whose inhabitants had been involved in the rebellion. The institution of slavery, for the military destruction of which the Freedmen's Bureau was called into existence as an auxiliary force, has been already effectually and finally abrogated throughout the whole country by an amendment of the Constitution of the United States, and practically its eradication has received the assent and concurrence of most of those States in which at any time it had existed. I am not, therefore, able to discern in the country anything to justify any apprehension that the powers and agencies of the Freedmen's Bureau, which were effective for the protection of freedmen and refugees during the actual continuation of hostilities and of African servitude, will now, in a time of peace, and after the abolition of slavery, prove inadequate to the same proper ends.

OBJECTIONS TO THE ELEMOSYNARY FEATURES OF THE BILL.

If I am correct in these views, there can be no necessity for the enlargment of the powers of the Bureau, for which provision is made in the bill. The third section of the bill authorizes a general and unlimited grant of support to the destitute and suffering refugees and freedmen and their wives and children. Succeeding sections make provision for the rent or purchase of landed estates for freedmen, and for the erection for their benefit of suitable buildings for asylums and schools, the expenses to be defrayed from the treasury of the whole people. The Congress of the United States has never heretofore thought itself competent to establish any laws beyond the limits of the District of Columbia except for the benefit of our disabled soldiers and sailors. It has never founded schools for any class or for our own people, not even for the orphans of those who have fallen in the defense of the Union, but has left the care of their education to the much more competent and efficient control of the States, of communities, of private associations and of individuals. It has never deemed itself authorized to expend the public money for the rent or purchase of houses for the thousands, not to say millions, of the white race who are honestly toiling from day to day for their subsistence. A system for the support of indigent persons in the United States was never contemplated by the authors of the Constitution, nor can any very good reason be advanced why, as a permanent establishment, it should be founded for one class or color of our people more than another. Before the war many refugees and freedmen received support from the Government, but it was never intended that they should henceforth be educated, clothed and sheltered by the United States. The idea on which the slaves were assisted to freedom was that on becoming free they would be a self-sustaining population. Any legislation that shall imply that they are not expected to attain a self-sustaining condition must have a tendency injurious alike to their character and their prosperity.

OBJECTIONS ON ACCOUNT OF EXPENSE.

The appointment of an agent for every county and parish will create an immense patronage, and the expense of the numerous officers and their clerks to be appointed by the President, will be great in the beginning, with a tendency to steadily increase. The appropriations asked by the Freedmen's Bureau, as now established, for the year 1866, amount to $11,745,000. It may safely be estimated that the cost to be incurred under the pending bill will require double that amount—more than the entire sum expended in any one year under the administration of the second Adams. If the presence of agents in every parish and county is to be considered as a war measure, opposition or even resistance, might be provoked, so that to give effect to their jurisdiction troops would have to be stationed within reach of every one of them, and thus a large standing force be rendered necessary. Large appropriations, would, therefore, be required to sustain and enforce military jurisdiction in every county or parish from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

The condition of our fiscal affairs is encouraging, but in order to sustain the present measure of public confidence it is necessary that we practice not merely customary economy, but, as far as possible, severe retrenchment.

OBJECTIONS TO THE APPROPRIATIONS OF LAND.

In addition to the objections already stated, the fifth section of the bill proposes to take away land from former owners without any legal proceedings being first had, contrary to that provision of the Constitution which declares that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. It does not appear that a part of the lands to which this section refers may not be owned by minors, or persons of unsound mind, or by those who have been faithful to all their obligations as citizens of the United States. If any portion of the land is held by such persons, it is not competent for any authority to deprive them of it. If on the other hand, it be found that the property is liable to confiscation, even then it cannot be appropriated to public purposes until, by due process of law, it shall have been declared forfeited to the Government.

OBJECTIONS ON ACCOUNT OF THE FREEDMEN THEMSELVES.

There are still further objections to the bill on grounds seriously affecting the class of persons to whom it is designed to bring relief. It will tend to keep the minds of the freedmen in a state of uncertain expectation and restlessness, while to those among whom he lives it will be a source of constant and vague apprehension. Undoubtedly the freedman should be protected, but he should be protected by the civil authorities—especially by the exercise of all the constitutional powers of the Courts of the United States and of the States. His condition is not so exposed as may at first be imagined; he is in a portion of the country where his labor cannot be well spared; competition for his services from planters—from those who are constructing or reopening railroads, or from capitalists in his vicinage, or from other States, will enable him to command almost his own terms. He also possesses a perfect right to change his place of abode, and if, therefore, he does not find in one community or State a mode of life suited to his desires, or proper remuneration for his labor, he can move to another, where labor is more esteemed and better rewarded. In truth, however, each State, induced by its own wants and interests, will do what is necessary and proper to retain within its borders all the labor that is needed for the development of its resources. The laws that regulate, supply and demand will maintain their force, and the wages of the laborer will be regulated thereby. There is no danger that the great demand for labor will not operate in favor of the laborer. Neither is sufficient consideration given to the ability of freedmen to protect and take care of themselves. It is no more than justice to them to believe that as they have received their freedom with moderation and forbearance, so they will distinguish themselves by their industry and thrift, and soon show the world that in their condition of freedom they are self-sustaining and capable of selecting their own employment and their own place of abode; of insisting for themselves on a proper remuneration and of establishing and of maintaining their own asylums and schools. It is earnestly hoped that instead of wasting away, they will, by their own efforts, establish for themselves a condition of respectability and prosperity. It is certain that they can attain to that condition only through their own merits and exertions.

In this connection the query presents itself whether the system proposed by the bill will not, when put into complete operation, practically transfer the entire care, support and control of four millions of emancipated slaves to agents, overseers or taskmasters, who, appointed at Washington, are to be located in every county and parish throughout the United States containing freedmen and refugees. Such a system would inevitably tend to such a concentration of power in the Executive as would enable him, if so disposed, to control the action of numerous classes and use them for the attainment of his own political ends.

OBJECTION ON ACCOUNT OF SOUTHERN NON-REPRESENTATION IN CONGRESS.

I cannot but add another very grave objection to this bill. The Constitution imperatively declares in connection with taxation, that each State shall have at least one Representative, and fixes the rule for the number to which in future times each State shall be entitled.

It also provides that the Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State and adds with peculiar force, that no State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate. The original act was necessarily passed in the absence of the States chiefly to be affected, because their people were then contumaciously engaged in the rebellion. Now the case is changed, and some, at least, of the States are attending Congress by loyal representatives, soliciting the allowance of the Constitutional right of representation. At the time, however, of the consideration and the passing of the bill, there was no Senator or Representative in Congress from the eleven States which are to be mainly affected by its provisions. The very fact that reports were and are made against the good disposition of the country, is an additional reason why they need, and should have, Representatives of their own in Congress to explain their condition, to reply to assertions, and assist, by their local knowledge, in the perfecting of measures immediately affecting themselves while the liberty of deliberation would then be free, and Congress would have full power to decide according to its judgment. There would be no objection urged that the States most interested had not been permitted to be heard. The principle is firmly fixed in the minds of the American people that there should be no taxation without representation. Great burdens are now to be borne by all the country, and we may best demand that they shall be borne without a murmur when they are voted by a majority of the Representatives of all the people. I would not interfere with the unquestionable right of Congress to judge, each House for itself, of the election returns and qualifications of its own members, but that authority cannot be construed as including the right to shut out in time of peace any State from the representation to which it is entitled by the Constitution. At present all the people of eleven States are excluded, those who were most faithful during the war not less than others. The State of Tennessee, for instance, whose authorities engaged in rebellion, was restored to all her constitutional relations to the Union by the patriotism and energy of her injured and betrayed people. Before the war was brought to a termination, they had placed themselves in relation with the General Government, had established a State government of their own, and as they were not included in the Emancipation Proclamation, they by their own act had amended their Constitution so as to abolish slavery within the limit of their State. I know no reason why the State of Tennessee, for example, should not fully enjoy all her Constitutional relations to the United States.

DUTIES OF THE PRESIDENT TO THE COUNTRY.

The President of the United States stands towards the country in a somewhat different attitude from that of any member of Congress, chosen from a single district or State. The President is chosen by the people of all the States, Eleven States are not at this time represented in either branch of Congress. It would seem to be his duty, on all proper occasions, to present their just claims to Congress. There always will be differences of opinion in the community, and individuals may be guilty of transgressions of the law, but these do not constitute valid objections against the right of a State to representation. I would in no wise interfere with the discretion of Congress with regard to the qualifications of members, but I hold it my duty to recommend to you, in the interests of peace and in the interests of the Union, the admission of every State to its share of public legislation. However insubordinate, insurgent or rebellious its people may have been, it presents itself not only in an attitude of loyalty and harmony, but in the persons of representatives, whose loyalty cannot be questioned under existing constitutional or legal tests.

It is plain that an indefinite or permanent exclusion of any part of the country from representation must be attended by a spirit of disquiet and complaint. It is unsound and dangerous to pursue a course of measures which will unite any large section of country against another section of country, no matter how much the latter may predominate. The course of immigration, the development of industry, and business, and natural causes will raise up at the South men as devoted to the Union as those of any part of the land. But if they are excluded from Congress; if, in a permanent statute, they are declared not to be in full constitutional relations to the country, they may think they have cause to become a unit in feelings and sentiments against the Government. Under the political education of the American people, the idea is inherent and ineradicable that the consent of the majority of the whole people is necessary to secure a willing acquiescence in legislation. The bill under consideration refers to certain States as though they had not "been fully restored in all their constitutional relations to the United States." If they have not, let us at once act together to secure that desirable end at the earliest possible moment. It is hardly necessary for me to inform Congress that, in my judgment, most of these States, so far, at least, as depends upon their own action, have already been fully restored, and are to be deemed to be entitled to enjoy their constitutional rights as members of the Union. Reasoning from the Constitution itself, and from the actual situation of the country, I feel not only entitled but bound to assume that with the Federal courts restored in the several States, and in full exercise of their functions, the rights and interests of all classes of people will, with the aid of the military in cases of resistance to the law, be essentially protected against unconstitutional infringement and violation. Should this expectation unhappily fail, which I do not anticipate, then the Executive is already armed with the powers conferred by the act of March, 1865, establishing the Freedmen's Bureau, and hereafter as heretofore, he can employ the land or naval force of the country to suppress insurrection and to overcome obstructions to the laws.

I return the bill to the Senate in the earnest hope that a measure involving questions and interests so important to the country will not become a law, unless, upon deliberate consideration by the people it shall receive the sanction of an enlightened public judgment.

(Signed) ANDREW JOHNSON.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 19th, 1866.

PROFESSION AND PRACTICE—A LESSON OF THE HOUR.

From the New York Times.

THE noisiest brawler for what he calls liberty is, proverbially, the greatest tyrant in his own practice.

Take one of our Northern disunionists, of the Radical stripe, as an illustration. Estimate him according to his talk, and no more determined liberal walks the earth. He is the incarnation of liberty. He revels in an atmosphere of universal freedom. He would have every man his own master. He would have speech free as thought, and conduct free as either. But gainsay an utterance of his lips, question the infallibility of his intellect, impugn the soundness of his suggestion, or seek courteously to thwart his policy, and the champion of liberty and equality, forgetting his pretensions, forthwith becomes a veritable despot.

As a second illustration, take one of the wandering demagogues who go about assailing President Johnson. According to Phillips or Garrison, the President is neither patriotic nor polite. Sift the diatribes of this order of the President's accusers to the bottom, and what remains? The patriotism which the President is asked to imitate turns out to be rank disunion—disunion as rank though not so plucky as that which inspired the late rebellion. For an unusual plainness of speech, he is abused without stint by men who for twenty years past have been known as common scolds. For his unfaltering devotion to the Constitution and the Union, he is maligned by talkers who are only less of traitors than Jefferson Davis because they have lacked his courage and opportunities. And the *Tribune*, which effects much tribulation of spirit because of President Johnson's pointed exposure of his antagonists, prints all the abusive oratory of Phillips, Garrison & Co., without a rebuke; gives prominence to their railing accusations without remonstrance; circulates their slanders without correction, and their threats without a warning. Not content with the coarse diatribes produced to order by Phillips and Garrison, it originates infamous slanders in its own columns, and exhausts its ingenuity in manipulating these inventions, with a view to effect.

It is fortunate that in each of these cases the bane and the antidote go nearly together. The demagogues who travel from place to place, lying everywhere for their personal profit, long ago rendered themselves impotent for good or ill, except in the narrow circle in which they move. The newspapers which in their zeal for faction forget to be decent, are throwing away the influence they might usefully wield, and making for themselves a reputation that will stick to them long after Andrew Johnson shall have triumphed over the malignity of his enemies.

THE HOT-HEADS.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, the agitator, who had grown quite tractable since the abolition of slavery—who has suspended his aggressive *Liberator*, withdrawn his declaration that the Constitution was "a league with death and a convenant with hell," advised the disbandment of the Anti-Slavery Societies and proclaimed himself a supporter of the Administration—and who was therefore supposed to be amenable to some gleams of common sense—has again put himself upon the war-path, tomahawk and knife in hand, and announces himself upon a general brawning and scalping expedition.

Mr. Garrison finds universal reasons for attacking everybody who has anything to do. He denounces the President as a traitor. He pronounces Secretary Seward a deserter of principles. He makes havoc with Beecher. In short, he pitches about right and left with a frenzy like that of a mad bull, who has been blinded with rage, and has no idea where to strike.

Another disciple of this school is Mrs. Jane Swisshelm. She has been holding a position in one of the departments at Washington, where her pricipal occupation seemed to be to denounce and ridicule the officers of the Government, and assail those to whose generosity she owed her support. Mrs. Swisshelm delivered a speech on Tuesday, over her desk, in which she pronounced Mr. Johnson false to his country, and with unwomanly vehemence, added that "no man had ever become President by accident, who was not a villain." She might have added, but did not, that no woman ever abandoned the duties of her sphere to dabble in the excitements and partake of the passions of partisan strife, who did not degrade herself and become an object of derision. Mrs. Swisshelm's address had a very decided effect. A few hours after its delivery, she walked out of the department with her head under her arm, and she is now at perfect liberty to prove in a future devotion to the requirements of home life—if that be possible—that she has not irretrievably unsexed herself.

The people have ceased to have patience with these philosophers of misrule and creatures of agitation. In the present juncture of political affairs, and in view of the perils which may yet environ the country, pending the work of reconstruction, what is wanted above all things else is moderation, temperance, forbearance, absence of passion. The men who would array class against class, foster jealousies, incite suspicions and stimulate revenges, because their peculiar views are not adopted, are unpatriotic enemies of the public weal, who deserve no toleration in their base work; whose condemnation should be swift and decisive. Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, and others of their class, are to-day as truly enemies to the public welfare, as was Jefferson Davis, when engaged in plotting treason before the outbreak of rebellion.

"LLOYD GARRISON REVISITING THE GLIMPSES OF THE MOON."

[Last week we placed the *Herald* in a quartette of chanting cherubs composed of some of our dailies, to hymn the praises of Rev. Mr. Beecher. To-day we give the *Herald* in solo on Mr. Garrison. Which of the two men is best praised?]

SOME time ago, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison, a prominent anti-slavery agitator, all at once discovered that slavery was dead, and the great labor of his life consequently completed. Thereupon he ceased publishing his paper, refused to be re-elected President of the Anti-Slavery Society, and declared, in scriptural language, that he was ready to depart in peace. Nobody objected, and he did depart, whether by transfiguration or otherwise, and so disappeared from the public view. Tilton, the Sancho Panza of Abolitionism, announced through the *Independent* that Garrison had gone straight to heaven, and although many persons pitied the saints and angels who were to be subjected to the plots, projects and speeches of the professional agitator, still Tilton's assertion was pretty generally believed. It turns out to be entirely untrue, however. Garrison has returned to earth, and walked and talked in Brooklyn on Tuesday night. From the tone and temper of his speech, it is evident that he has not been to heaven at all. On the contrary, it is equally plain that he has been sojourning somewhere in the bottomless pit, taking lessons from Satan in the noble art of vituperation. He revisits the glimpses of the moon, upon a special diplomatic mission from his Infernal Majesty. He comes breathing threatenings and slaughter, and anxious to stir up another civil war at the North. He presents himself as an incarnate refutation of Henry Ward Beecher's theory that there is no such place as hell; for Garrison has been there, and is surcharged with its fire and brimstone.

Mr. Garrison began his Brooklyn speech by reviewing his former career as an Anti-Slavery leader. The point in it which seemed to afford him the most satisfaction was, that he had so identified himself with the Africans as to be mistaken for a negro by the English in 1833. The wonder is that—as he could probably have had his choice of bodies in which to return to us—he did not choose a black one, instead of his old, familiar form. He then went on to describe how he threw down his gauntlet to slavery; how he challenged it to mortal combat, and how he finally vanquished and extinguished it. Clearly, modesty is not regarded as a merit in the infernal regions. Mr. Garrison utterly ignores all other Anti-Slavery men, all our generals and our armies, and all the legislators who voted to adopt that Constitutional Amendment which really gave slavery its quietus, and which the *Herald* proposed and carried through. After this outburst of sulphureous egotism, Mr. Garrison announced that, having once given up the Abolition ghost, he now revisited earth to make more speeches, to incite more agitation, and to find fault with everybody and everything in his former peculiar style. Without further preface he proceeded to denounce President Johnson. The President, it appears, has dared to deliver an address in which he calls Mr. Garrison's friends by their right names, and has also been bold enough to veto a bill which Mr. Garrison and his Satanic coadjutors wished to become a law, for certain purposes of their own. These offences of the President have recalled Mr. Garrison from the Plutonian domains. By some underground railroad, or by a submarine telegraph line across the Styx, the news of these events has reached Satan, and Mr. Garrison, who shows himself only in storms like a Mother Carey's chicken, is sent as an agent of the de'il to conspire with Mephistopheles Stevens and his assistants, against the Constitution and the Government. The reinforcement is welcome. While we are about it, we may as well make a clean sweep of all this rebellious crew, above ground and below.

Mr. Garrison commenced his philipic against the President by abusing him for not hanging Jeff Davis. The motive for this attack is not at first obvious, in the face of the fact that the radicals have been in favor of letting Jeff go, and that the radical Chief-Justice declines to try him. What is the matter? Is Jeff Davis wanted in Satandom, or is this merely the text for Garrison's endorsement of the favorite radical plan for encouraging crime by "abolishing forever the gallows in this country, in all cases whatsoever?" The resurrected orator then ranted about the President's "sober senses"—an allusion intended to be severe—and called upon Congress to resist him, "come what may." He accused the President of "disregard of the Constitution, disunionism in spirit and design, and a wish to prevent and overturn free government." Growing hotter as the infernal fires raged in his veins, he spoke of the President's recent address as remarkable for "its indecency, bombast, malignity and treasonable leanings," and declared that for this speech President Johnson "ought to be indicted by the House of Representatives, tried by the Senate and dismissed from office." We are astonished that Satan is so cautious. Why not recommend assassination at once? But let us not inquire too curiously as to the satanic motives. As Mr. Garrison truly said, "When the bottomless pit is in full chorus it is not for saints or good men to join in the tune." Keeping to the imagery with which his recent acquaintance has made him familiar, Mr. Garrison then spoke of Seward as a fallen Lucifer, and stated that it would have been better if the Secretary of State had died beneath the assassin's knife instead of living to send "such a besotted telegram to the Presidential leader of the rebel and copperhead forces of the country." Henry Ward Beecher, with whom Garrison has other differences of opinion besides that in relation to the existence of a place of torment, was then denounced as "too sour to give to the pigs." Finally, Mr. Garrison's fiendish venom poured out unchecked. He asserted that all the assassins are with the President; that the President's object is to imperil the lives of Sumner and Stevens and men of that stamp, and that the President meditates a *coup d'etat* at the point of the bayonet. The paroxysm had now reached its height; the spirit of evil deserted Mr. Garrison's flesh, and he ceased to speak. What he said will only convince the people of this country more conclusively that President Johnson has kicked over the stone beneath which the dangerous radical vipers lay, and that in so doing he has struck so powerful a blow for the right that Satan himself feels called upon to help his exposed and hissing confederates.

THE STANDARD.

LIBERTY VICTORIOUS.

LECTURE BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON, ESQ.

THE fourth and last lecture of the course, under the auspices of the Brooklyn Fraternity, was delivered on Tuesday evening, Feb. 27, at the Academy of Music, to a large audience, by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. Mr. Garrison was introduced by Mr. Aaron M. Powell, and spoke as follows:

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: This is the first time I have had the privilege and the honor of addressing a public audience in Brooklyn. I must present myself on this occasion, therefore, as I have been obliged to do everywhere else, as an original, uncompromising Garrisonian Abolitionist. (Applause.)

The theme I have chosen for this occasion, LIBERTY VICTORIOUS, may to some seem singularly inopportune; but when I chose it, the astounding events of the last ten days had not transpired. Yet, as these do not in the least invalidate my position—for "the past at least is secure," whatever the future may bring—I do not at all regret the coincidence. Believing, however, that you are desirous of hearing something from me in regard to the extraordinary state of things at Washington (applause), I must throw myself upon your indulgence until I come to that branch of my lecture.

I have been very kindly and generously introduced to the people of Brooklyn, by my esteemed friend, the pastor of Plymouth Church, from his pulpit on Sunday last. I can appropriate nothing of his warm eulogium, except this, that I have always endeavored to be true to principle, and to the cause of human freedom impartially. (Applause.) Mr. Beecher intimated that while he held my labors in high esteem, still he had never been able to stand on my plane, nor to accept my method. I hardly know how to meet a criticism of that kind, because it is so very indefinite. Why, my plane has been simply the Declaration of Independence (great cheering), and I know that Henry Ward Beecher can and does stand upon it. My method has been to "remember those in bonds as bound with them;" and I have so far succeeded in doing this that, when I was in England in 1833, Thomas Fowell Buxton, the distinguished successor of Wilberforce in the British Parliament, got together a select company in my behalf, supposing me of necessity to be a black man. (Laughter and applause.) I have applied the truth fearlessly and faithfully to parties and sects, to Church and State, to the Constitution, Union and Government; and I have at last the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing slavery forever abolished in our land, and the year of jubilee ushered in. (Applause.)

If now I proceed to speak in a jubilant strain befitting my theme, it will not be owing to a forgetfulness of aught that remains to be done to invest the mighty mass of liberated bondmen with all those rights and immunities which are accorded to white American citizens. I know the state of the country far better than I did when I threw down my gauntlet to the Slave Power, thirty-six years ago, and, in the name of the God of justice, challenged it to mortal combat. At that time I had everything to discover in the all-pervading Egyptian darkness; now all things are made manifest in the light. I am no visionary enthusiast, intoxicated by past success, disposed to lie down on enchanted ground in Dreamland, and I am thankful to God that there is nothing in my temperament or nature of a morbid tendency.

I am sorry to miss in the Anti-Slavery ranks something of the serene, courageous, all-confident tone of primitive Abolitionism. No matter how dark the hour, how slender our resources, how few our numbers, how overwhelming the enemy, how seemingly unequal the conflict, we then could sing: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." Why should we not rejoice now? For the question is not whether there is not a prevalent disposition in the pseudo-loyal South to render the condition of the emancipated bondmen as miserable and degraded as possible, nor whether there are not frequent outrages perpetrated upon them of a nature to fill all humane hearts with anguish and horror. These are facts which are confirmed from every quarter. But the real question is, whether we have lost at any time even an inch of ground; whether we have not steadily advanced, and are not advancing with augmented means and forces, day by day, to the goal of absolute equality before the law; whether we have not been really successful in every stage of the struggle; whether the remaining difficulties, dangers and trials to be surmounted (and they are many) are at all comparable to those which have been already triumphantly overcome; whether public sentiment is not steadily deepening in abhorrence of slavery, and rising in appreciation of the righteous claims of the colored population to equal rights and privileges; whether, in short, if our sun is not yet at high noon, shining in full effulgence, the morning is not radiant with light. If these are facts equally as undeniable as the others, why should we talk or act as if, after all, nothing is safe or certain, and as if there may be, after all, a recoil which will bring back forever the reign of chaos and old night? Why use the language of despondency or dread, of skepticism or defeat? Why intimate that in all probability we are to see the utter shipwreck of all our hopes?

How strange the announcement sounds from the lips of an Abolitionist, "The South Victorious!" What! the *South* victorious! If it be so, then an unparalleled delusion has swept not only over the North, but throughout the civilized world; then all our toils, sacrifices, prayers and aspirations have been in vain; then the promises of God are forevermore unreliable; then is Falsehood stronger than Truth, and right has no chance in a conflict with Wrong, and Liberty, not Slavery, has been abolished! Why, if I had devoted more than half my life to the advocacy of a cause which I professed to regard as preëminently just and righteous, and for which I claimed the sanction, support and benediction of Almighty God, and had nothing to show for it but defeat—disastrous, ignominious defeat—I should begin to doubt its rectitude, and to question whether I had not mistaken the true God! There *was* a time when the South was victorious, because no vital issue had been made with slavery—no axe laid at the root of the Upas tree. That time was from the adoption of the Constitution of the United States to the commencement of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. Since that time, the slaveholding South has not won a single victory, but has constantly lost ground.

True, she has *seemed* to be victorious again and again, but only to go under in due time. Her shouts of triumph have repeatedly gone up from the halls of Congress, from the State House and the Court-room, from the forum and the exchange, from the marts of commerce, from political and ecclesiastical convocations, from the caucus and at the polls, from the press and the pulpit, from institutions of learning, from theological strongholds, from Union-saving meetings, from the throats of infuriated mobs, from haunts of pollution and sinks of iniquity but only to give place to exclamations of terror, wailings of despair, and threats of vengeance, in view of the irresistible march of hated Abolitionism. True, for a time she has *seemed* to have increased her strength, more strongly "fortified her slave system, multiplied the number of her devotees and defenders, more completely subjugated the North, and more successfully carried out her design to eternize her oppression all in consequence of anti-slavery agitation; but all the while she has been growing weaker and weaker; her peculiar institution has been crumbling to the dust, and its total extinction by the fiat of a regenerated nation, tells the story of her utter discomfiture. True, she succeeded in forcing the Missouri Compromise upon the country, and also in repealing it; she succeeded in enacting the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, and in enforcing it everywhere at the North; she succeeded in dragging back to chains and slavery Thomas Sims and Anthony Burns from the soil of Massachusetts and the city of Boston; she succeeded in getting large rewards offered for the abduction of Northern Abolitionists, and in barbarously lynching many on her soil who were suspected of being such; she succeeded in destroying the printing press and murderously taking the life of Elijah P. Lovejoy, at Alton, and in casting into the Ohio river the types and presses belonging to that noblest son of Kentucky, the repentant slaveholder, James G. Birney; she succeeded in conflagrating Pennsylvania Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, because it was dedicated to Virtue, Truth and Liberty, applying to it the incendiary torch before the sun went down, and by the connivance of the city authorities; she succeeded in striking down the right of petition in both houses of Congress so as to prevent all discussion of the subject of slavery; she succeeded in rifling the mails throughout her own domains, of all letters, papers, tracts, and documents suspected of containing sentiments inimical to oppression; she succeeded in bludgeoning on the floor of the Senate, the American Wilberforce, Charles Sumner. (Great applause.) I see that you do not agree with the President in your estimation of Charles Sumner. (Renewed applause.) She succeeded in striking him down, fiendishly exulting in the belief that she had made sure her murderous design; but the eloquent and indomitable advocate of impartial liberty still lives to plead in impassioned tones for perfect justice for the black man as well as the white. She succeeded in extorting from wealth and station, literature and science, politics and religion, the strongest testimonies to her kind treatment of her plantation vassals, the rectitude of the act of slaveholding, and the disorganizing tendencies of Abolitionism. She succeeded in procuring the most debasing concessions from the North, for the sake of trade and to preserve the Union. She succeeded in executing upon a Virginia gallows the world-famous, martyr-crowned John Brown, whose soul is marching on. (Cheers.) And, finally, she succeeded in plundering the national treasury, transferring the contents of Northern arsenals to her own soil in order to arm her rebellious population, seizing upon all post-offices, custom-houses, mints, fortifications and naval stations within her grasp, firing upon the Star of the West, capturing Fort Sumter, seceding from the Union, and declaring herself an independent, slaveholding empire. These are samples of her multitudinous successes; but in not one of them did the South achieve a real victory. So far from giving her succor or security, they all powerfully helped to rouse the country, confirm the worst allegations of the Abolitionists, prove the utter antagonism existing between slave and free institutions, and confirm the oracular declaration of our martyred President, that "this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free, but must become all one thing or the other." From the hour the Abolition tocsin was first heard, the infatuated, conscience-stricken South began to work by day and by night, in season and out of season, by every possible instrumentality, more assiduously and more effectually than the Abolitionists themselves, to dig the grave of her accursed slave system, and to usher in the year of jubilee. Not that in her heart she meant it to be so; but in her blindness and insanity she was left to her own devices, and to believe a lie, that her slavery might be dammed. If it had been possible for her to have maintained self-control to the extent of treating the Anti-Slavery movement as too contemptible for even the slightest recognition, that movement would have made slow progress indeed. But it was not possible.

No, the South is not, and by the help of God, shall not be victorious. (Applause.) Boldly proclaiming slavery to be, by turns, the normal condition of the negro race; next, inflicted as divine penalty, through the malediction of Noah for the misconduct of one of his sons; next, the best and most productive form of industry; next, the corner stone of our republican edifice; next, sanctioned by Old Testament and New Testament, Moses and Jesus, and by historical precedents from the earliest ages of the world till now; and, finally, proved to be invulnerable to attack or impeachment by the happy and contented condition of the slaves themselves, who "would not be free if they could;" the South has, nevertheless, cravenly shrunk from open and manly discussion, denied the right of investigation, and attempted to padlock all Northern lips on the subject. And whenever, wherever, or whoever she has tried to meet argument with argument, fact with fact, or Scripture with Scripture, she has been ignominiously defeated. On her own soil, her mode of reasoning has been to imperil the life or outrage the person of any one venturing to call in question the rectitude of her slaveholding practices. "Let an Abolitionist come within the borders of South Carolina," said Senator Preston, of that State, in this Congress, "if we can catch him we will try him, and, notwithstanding the interference of all the governments of the earth, including this Federal Government, we will hang him." Abolitionists were warned by a New Orleans paper that if they should dare to lecture in that city upon the sinfulness of slavery, their tongues would be cut out and cast upon the dunghill. "Public opinion in the South would now, we are sure," said the Charleston *Mercury*, "justify an immediate resort to force by the Southern delegation—even on the floor of Congress—were they forthwith to seize, and drag from the hall, any man who dared to insult them as that eccentric old showman, John Quincy Adams, has dared to do. If there be laws against incendiaries in the District of Columbia, he should be indicted. If the privileges of the House are to screen an Abolitionist who holds concert with the slaves of the District, it is time that Virginia and Maryland should interfere, and put down such a nuisance as Congress must be upo her borders." And such has ever been

the cowardly, ruffian spirit of the South: such it is to-day.

There were always at least two parties at the South who knew that slavery was utterly indefensible, namely, the slaveholders and their slaves. The slaves never needed to be enlightened in regard to their right to be free. The slaveholders never needed any argument to show them that they were sinners of the first rank. "We hold these truths to be self-evident," says the Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Let it never be forgotten that the Declaration was signed by more than a score of slaveholders, who thus forever precluded themselves, and all like unto them, from all defence or apology for holding their fellow-men in bondage.

Unable to maintain their ground in the arena of free discussion, the South at last resolved to try the issue of the battle-field herself under the flag of Secession, madly hurling against the Federal Government, and resolving to make herself an independent empire, avowedly based on the right of one class being white to enslave another class being black. You remember her vengeful flaming manifestoes, her swaggering predictions, her threatenings, her contemptuous expressions toward the people of the North. Let us, for our special edification, and as a needed reminder, at this hour, rehearse one or two specimens on this occasion. Said the Richmond *Enquirer*:

"Our armies are gathering to the fray, and so surely as the patriot freemen of the Southern army come in conflict with the mercenary hordes of the North, so surely will they give the world another example of invincibility of a free people fighting on their own soil for all that is most dear to man. . . . From the mountain tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington at all and every human hazard. That filthy cage of unclean birds must and will assuredly be purified by fire. The people are determined upon it, and are clamorous for a leader to conduct them to the onslaught. That leader will assuredly rise, aye, and that right speedily. Our people can take it—they will take it—and Scott, the arch-traitor, and Lincoln, the beast, combined, cannot prevent it. Many, indeed, will be the carcasses of dogs and caitiffs, that will blacken the air upon the gallows before the great work is accomplished. So let it be."

Said the Newbern (N. C.) *Progress*:

"Won't the vultures have a good time feeding on Yankee carcasses? Come on, Abraham, you are wanted! Old Scott, we hope, will head the invading force. If so, his bones will be apt to rot on the soil which he has disgraced by his treachery."

Said the Mobile Evening *News*:

"White slaves, peddling wretches, small-change knaves and vagrants, the dregs and off-scouring of the population,—these are the levied 'forces' whom Lincoln suddenly arrays as candidates for the honor of being slaughtered by gentlemen such as Mobile sent to battle yesterday. Let them come South, and we will put our negroes to the dirty work of killing them. But they will not come South. Not a wretch of them will live on this side of the border longer than it will take us to reach the ground, and drive them over. * * * * The North is now getting ready, and will likely be whipped before it is ready."

Said the Memphis *Avalanche*:

"We predict that Jeff. Davis will be on the banks of the Hudson within 30 days; that Lincoln will fly, with what little may be scraped together, from a bankrupt treasury, from Washington, and that Gen. Scott will bear him company; that nothing will be left a month hence, of the old Union, except possibly New England; and that the special session of Congress, called for the Fourth of July, will not meet nearer Washington than Portland, Maine, if it ever meets at all."

Said the *Richmond Whig*:

"Southern soldiers ask no better odds than one to three Western, and one to six of the Eastern Yankees. Some go so far as to say that, with equal weapons and on equal grounds, they would not hesitate to encounter twenty times their number of the last * * * To be conquered in open and manly fight by a nation of gentlemen, and subjected to their sway, might not drive us raving distracted with rage and shame; but for Yankees—the most contemptible and detestible of God's creation, the vile wretches, whose daily sustenance consists in the refuse of all other people—for they eat nothing that anybody else will buy—for them to lord it over us!—the English language must be enlarged, new words must be invented, to express the extent and depth of our feelings of mortification and shame. No, it is not possible that we can be reduced to a state which there are no words to describe. Instead of this, we must bring these enfranchised slaves back to their true condition * * * They have suggested to us the invasion of their territory, and the robbery of their banks and jewelry-stores. We may profit by the suggestion, so far as the invasion goes—for that will enable us to restore them to their normal condition of vassalage, and teach them that cap in hand is the proper attitude of the servant before his master." * * * "The Yankees are humbugs, and the white people of the slaveholding States are the true masters—the real rulers of this continent * * * We are compelled to take the sceptre, and it is our duty to prepare ourselves for our destinies." * * * "There can be no lasting peace with the Chinese counterparts on this continent until Confederate cannon overawe New York, and Confederate legions bivouac on Boston Common. Boston is the Pekin of the Western China, and 'On to Pekin' is the watchword of Southern armies. Our true goal is Pekin—the headquarters of the genuine Tartar horde, with their gongs and stink-guns. The military occupation of the Yankee capital can alone give indemnity for the past and security for the future. Then up with the universal shout, "On to Pekin."

These extracts are but samples of the bombastic, insane, contemptuous, diatribes which at that time filled the columns of all the Southern journals. Well, is it the South or the North that is victorious? Which has been overrun and subjugated by invading armies? Which is sueing for Government clemency? Do Confederate cannon overawe New York, or Confederate legions bivouac on Boston Common? Or are not the self-styled Confederate States desolate, immense numbers of their population starving for the necessities of life, their resources utterly exhausted, their arms grounded, their helplessness and bankruptcy total, their humiliation even unto the dust? "Babylon is suddenly fallen and destroyed. Howl for her, take balm for her pain if so she may be healed. We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed; for her judgment reacheth unto heaven, and is lifted up even to the skies. The spoilers have come unto her from the north, saith the Lord; her cities are a desolation, a dry land and a wilderness."

Yes, the South has been signally vanquished in the arena of free discussion, on the battle-field, by land and by sea, until she is as powerless as an unweaned babe, and as poor as a town pauper. She has nothing to show but disaster, disgrace, and an infamous record; while the North comes out from the desperate struggle with a higher purpose, a nobler sense of justice, a better appreciation of human rights, a sublimer determination to make an end of slavery forever.

Time would fail me, on this occasion, to enumerate a tithe of the many cheering events that have taken place within the last five years, all going to prove that the march of freedom is rapid and irresistible. Unquestionably, the most comprehensive and grandly significant of all these combined is, the adoption of the Anti-Slavery amendment to the Constitution of the United States by the requisite number of States, which thus becomes the supreme law of the land. (Applause). It smites to the dust the haughty Slave Power, as Dagon fell before the ark of the Lord. It makes slaveholders, slave-dealers and slave-hunters no longer cognizable within our national domains, except as felons of the deepest dye. By proclaiming liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof, it renders all further Anti-Slavery agitation obsolete. Let Heaven be glad! Let the earth rejoice! Let ransomed millions lift up their song of thanksgiving! Let Abolitionists be reverently thankful that they have been permitted to see of the travail of their souls, and be satisfied.

"Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than God has done?
When was ever his right hand,
Over any time or land,
Stretched as now beneath the sun?"

And yet there are those who, by their aspect and speech, appear to see nothing in all this stupendous exhibition of Divine power that calls for special commemoration! With them there seems to be no hope. All the omens are portentous of evil. True, the deluge has been, and gone; but, in spite of the overarching rainbow, it may return again! Whatever Liberty has gained she may yet lose. True, thus far the hosts of Freedom have steadily prevailed; but the chances are that the rebels and Copperheads in conjunction will yet become dominant, and get possession of the Government; and in that case who shall say that the last state of things may not be worse than the first? "Hung be the heavens with black; give day to night."

Now, it seems to me that this state of mind is as unwarranted as it is depressing. Even if there be ground for it, which I deny, I hold it to be most impolitic to make proclamation of the fact in the face of the enemy. Such was not the aspect, tone, or attitude of primitive Abolitionism. At the start, ours was the strengthening language of good old John Wesley, "The best of all is, God is with us." Now, if we could serenely make that affirmation in the midst of surrounding darkness, beleaguered by foes on every side, with not a fetter broken, with the Slave Power everywhere controlling the land, with the avowed friends of impartial freedom, like angels' visits, few and far between, with the colossal power of the Government arrayed against us, why should we not yet more emphatically repeat the inspiring declaration, now that, in numberless cases,

"Our vengeful foemen of the night
Are brethren at the dawn of day?"

now that all yokes are broken, the stars and stripes are symbolizing universal emancipation, multitudinous victories have been won, and such changes wrought in accordance with our prayers and desires, within the short period of five years, as we could not reasonably have expected to see this side of the spirit world? If we sowed in hope, why may we not reap this abundant harvest in joy?

I am no optimist. I am not the man to cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. I am not for counseling inaction, nor relaxing in vigilance, because assured that God will, at some time or other, in some way or other, accomplish his great designs. But I know in whom I have believed, and as He has not failed in the past, so He may be safely trusted in the future. I heartily accept the apostolic doctrine, that "faith without works is dead, being alone," and therefore I propose working on until all that justice demands, and all that freedom needs, is accomplished. (Applause.) But working on with a serene front, and an assurance of complete victory, bating nothing of heart or hope. (Renewed applause.) Here let me enter my protest against certain misconceptions and misrepresentations which prevail in some quarters, in regard to my views and purposes in the present stage of our struggle for equal rights. It is certainly true that I believe the grand object of the American Anti-Slavery Society having been consummated by the total abolition of slavery, it is a fitting time to dissolve the Society; for when there is no further occasion, as certainly there is not, for Anti-Slavery tracts and pamphlets, Anti-Slavery lectures and discussions, Anti-Slavery meetings and contributions, Anti-Slavery testimonies and symbols, to insist on the vital importance of continuing the Anti-Slavery Society seems to me savors of an exclusiveness or eccentricity, which Abolitionists ought not to exhibit; for the work that remains to be done is not concerning slaves, but wholly with reference to those who are free (applause), and this is a work in which there is nothing specially distinctive for Abolitionists to do, as of old, but in which there are millions of loyal hearts and hands to aid and bless. (Applause.) The mission of Abolitionism, as such, is therefore ended. But, it may be urged, though brought out of the house of bondage, the liberated bondmen have not yet entered the promised land. I know it; they are now in the wilderness, but I trust only for a comparatively short period. Hence, though I have made my last Anti-Slavery speech, I am still their sympathizing friend, their advocate and defender, unceasingly, uncompromisingly, in public and in private, everywhere and always, up to the full measure of complete citizenship (immense applause), with the right to own land, to inherit and bequeath property, to be justly remunerated for their labor, to sue and be sued, to testify in all the courts, to be represented and vote for representatives, as do the whites. (Applause.) On this point there never has been, there is not now any difference in the Anti-Slavery ranks.

Again, at the close of its 35th volume, on the 1st of January last, I terminated the publication of the *Liberator*. Well, I had a right to do this, without bringing any imputation on my fidelity to the cause of my colored countrymen. It is simply a question of instrumentalities, of means, of methods of working—not of principles or aims. My dominant motive in discontinuing the *Liberator* was to let its publication cover the exact period of the Anti-Slavery struggle from the time of its enunciation of the doctrine of immediate emancipation to the ushering in of the year of jubilee.

But is this to pull down the flag, to beat a retreat, or to say that nothing more remains to be done for the freedom, safety and equality of those from whose hands the manacles have fallen? It is a slanderous charge, however covertly made, or by whomsoever brought; and this is my answer to it.

But, it may be asked, was it not among the objects set forth in the Anti-Slavery Declaration of Sentiments, and in the Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to secure to the free colored population all the civil and political rights enjoyed by the whites? Certainly. But that is my thunder. That is primitive Abolitionism. Then why dissolve the Anti-Slavery Society before those rights are obtained? I answer, they cannot be so properly contended for under an Anti-Slavery flag, as there are no slaves to be liberated; they relate to citizenship, not to a state of chattelism, and are to be argued on that plane alone. I answer again, because up to the time of the outbreak of the rebellion, the Abolitionists were compelled to be isolated, and to band together as best they could for the promotion of their righteous but everywhere unpopular cause. Then, as midnight darkness prevailed, their single torchlight was seen far and wide, and rendered invaluable service; but now that the sun is risen, and brightening more and more unto the perfect day, that torchlight is no longer distinctly visible, and no longer needed. In other words, the few have become the many, the small minority the overwhelming majority, the weak have become the strong, and that which was despised and rejected of men has become the head stone of the corner. To aid, to elevate, to protect, to clothe with equal civil and political rights the colored population of the country, is now a common concern. There is no subject so discussed in private and in public, by the press and in the forum, in the lyceum and the legislative hall, as that concerning the citizenship of those who have had their personal liberty restored. Our co-workers are legion.

Whatever remains of the old slaveholding, rebellious element at the South (and it is still there in great force and virulence), is to be grappled with, not by an insignificant body of Abolitionists, but by the whole loyal strength of the country, and held in subjection until rendered powerless. It no longer relates to Abolitionism, but to the rights of freemen, the constitutional prerogatives of the Federal Government, and the establishment of homogeneous Republican institutions throughout the land.

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Having spent the last ten days in Washington, it will doubtless be expected that, on this occasion, I shall make some reference to President Johnson and his reconstruction policy, his veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill, and his late extraordinary harangue delivered at the White House on the 22d instant.

First, as to the President himself. I am not wont to be hasty in condemning any man, or any body of men; I have always endeavored to avoid personalties as far as possible, and to be within rather than a hair's breadth beyond the truth in arraignment or condemnation. On his succeeding the lamented Lincoln, I, with the whole body of loyal, liberty-loving citizens, was led to hope and believe that Andrew Johnson would be even more erect in dealing with the traitors of the South than his predecessor. When he announced to the country that treason was a crime, and ought to be punished, I supposed, as you all did, that he meant what he said; and that he had his eye upon at least one traitor, the Colossus of them all, Jefferson Davis. And here I will say, that if that traitor is not hanged by this Government, judging the Government on its own plane, it will be recreant to its duty. (Immense and protracted applause.) If he is to be allowed to go free, let us forever abolish the gallows in this country in all cases whatsoever, for no man can ever hereafter commit crime enough to deserve to be hanged. (Renewed applause.)

I was not disposed to forget the important service Andrew Johnson rendered the cause of emancipation in Tennessee while Governor of that State, nor to omit any credit due him for what he suffered in support of the Government as a loyal Tennesseean, while surrounded by the wolves and serpents of secession. On the matter of reconstruction, about which there may be honest differences of opinion, I knew that he had his own line of policy, and that he was disposed to adhere to it with great tenacity; but I did not believe that he would venture inflexibly to array himself against Congress, and against the clear expression of the popular will, as he is now defiantly doing. He had better not do it; for he will assuredly be the loser in the encounter. (Great cheering.) Enough that his policy causes universal disquietude and alarm among the loyal masses, and that it receives the warm approval of all the Southern rebels on the one hand, and all the Northern Copperheads on the other. As a sagacious man, what further evidence can he need, what further evidence can he have, in his sober senses (laughter), that he is on the wrong track, and therefore should immediately and patriotically retrace his steps? (Applause.) If he insists on going in that direction, then I trust and believe that Congress will stand like an impregnable wall to prevent his doing so, come what may. (Prolonged applause.) Nay, more—I would have that body wipe out from the slate all that he has done in the matter of reconstruction, and begin the work anew, as alone constitutionally empowered to inaugurate and perfect it, from the foundation to the top-stone. (Applause and hisses.) With all deference to his exalted position, I deny the right of President Johnson, under the war power or any other power intrusted to him, to do anything more in rebeldom than to hold it with a firm military grasp until Congress shall determine when, how and where elections shall be held, who shall be allowed to vote, and what shall be the necessary conditions precedent to the readmission to the Union of the late self-styled Confederate States. (Great applause.) Those States are still treasonable in spirit, in language, and in purpose, and lack nothing but the power and the opportunity to induce them to try the bloody game of secession over again. They do not knew, they never have known, what it is to be loyal or truly American—only Southern—bitterly, arrogantly, exclusively Southern, hence they are in no sense qualified to have the reins of government in their own hands, but must be held under guardianship until free institutions are firmly rooted in their soil.

On this point, President Johnson takes issue with Congress and with the loyal people of the country, upon whose sanction and support Congress may rely with absolute certainty. (Great cheering.) He insists that these conquered but still treasonably disposed States are in the Union as of old, and are therefore entitled to be represented in both Houses of Congress; and he ventures to brand that patriotic body as not only contumacious, but guilty of despotic usurpation in refusing their admission without additional safeguards and guaranties as to their loyalty. Yet he has not announced by proclamation, either that the war is ended, or that peace is restored, but continues to hold those States in subjection to his will as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, under the war power, suspending even to this day the writ of *habeas corpus*. Thus he condemns himself out of his own mouth, and fully vindicates the action of Congress—a Congress which, on the score of ability, moral worth, exalted patriotism, reverence for justice, and love of impartial liberty, has never been equalled since the formation of the American Government. (Great applause.) The usurpation is on his own part, in attempting to bully Congress into a servile acquiescence to his imperious demands; for it is the constitutional prerogative of Congress, and of that body alone, to decide when and how States may be admitted into the Union; and it will not surrender that prerogative at the bidding of an accidental occupant of the Presidential chair, even though all the powers of darkness rally to his support. (Prolonged cheering, and hisses.)

For whatever violence or tumult or division may grow out of the high-handed procedure of the President, the dread responsibility will rest exclusively on his own head, and he will be held to a strict accountability by an indignant and betrayed nation.

In putting his veto to the bill to enlarge the powers of that beneficent and truly patriotic department, the Freedmen's Bureau, he has indeed exercised a right accorded to him by the Constitution; but the animus which pervades that veto, the sophistry which characterizes it, and the unjust allegations contained in it, will be perceived and pondered by the overwhelming mass of the loyal men and women of the land, who, in their turn, will put an effectual veto upon him and his pretensions. (Applause.)

If there is any disregard of the Constitution, any disunionism in spirit or design, any wish to pervert and overturn our free Government, it is not on the part of those who are execrated and abhorred by the Southern rebels and their Northern sympathizers for their unswerving loyalty; but it is on his part, who is now receiving the plaudits of those rebels and sympathizers universally.

Who constituted the great body of the crowd that marched to the White House on Thursday last, and drew from the President that speech, which, for its indecency, bombast, malignity and treasonable leaning there are no words fitly to characterize, and for which, with other weighty reasons, he ought to be indicted by that Grand Inquest, the United States House of Representatives, tried by the Senate, and, for the peace and safety of the country, dismissed from office? (Great applause and hisses.) Who constituted, I ask, that motley assemblage? Why, as every loyal man in Washington knows, it was made up of rebels and their Copperhead abettors, almost to a man—the low, the vile, the desperate. Prominent among them were Messrs. Aiken and Clampitt, the counsel for the murderous accomplice of Booth—Mrs. Surratt. Next, Coyle, of the *National Intelligencer*—comprising many Copperhead snakes in one *coil* (laughter)—and Thomas B. Florence of the so-called *Constitutional Union*, a treasonable sheet and a treasonable editor, too notorious to need further description. Next, there was Ex-Mayor Berrett, from Fort Lafayette, and many others equally disloyal. These were the backers of President Johnson, who rent the air with their jubilant shouts as he made his strange harangue, which has caused all Rebeldom to cry out in satanic jubilation, and all Copperdom with hopes of coming victory. When the bottomless pit is in full chorus, it is not for saints or good men to join in the tune. (Laughter.) Take that speech where you may, if the brutal, the drunken, the seditious, the tyrannical in spirit and design, the negro hating are there, it will receive their unanimous applause. If, unhappily, there are here and there those who are not of that stamp, yet who also approve that speech, then so much the worse for them, so much the more are they inexcusable. Listen to the New York *World*, the *Daily News*, and the *Herald*—the old scriptural trinity of "the World, the Flesh, and the Devil." (Laughter.) Here is, first, the endorsement by the *World*:

"We do not enter into the feelings of the fastidious people who complain that the President's speech on the 22d wanted dignity. Finding Congress against him, he now asks the people to decide in his favor. Voters of the rudest intelligence cannot hereafter be deceived into the belief that it is possible to support the President and Congress at the same time, as the Republican party have been pretending to do."

The *Daily News* exults as follows:

"The name of Andrew Johnson is upon the lips of the people in accents of delight and admiration. Never, perhaps, in the history of our country have the words of any one man sent such a thrill of hope and satisfaction through the popular heart, as did those brave words of defiance that the President, on Thursday, flung in the teeth of the Radical conspirators. The masses are quick to appreciate the merits of an act of great political significance; and they have, as if by instinct, measured the value of the bold and determined speech of their Chief Magistrate. They recognize in it a promise of redemption from the tyranny of faction and fanaticism. It has in it the ring of a popular leader's voice, inviting his countrymen to defend their birth-right of self-government. An appeal coming from such a source could not fall unheeded on the public ear; and it will act as an inspiration to a popular uprising in behalf of the principles of republicanism that have been outraged and ignored by the demagogues who misrepresent their constituents in the Federal Legislature."

The *Herald* joins in the strain as follows:

"The 'man at the other end of the avenue' has shown his appreciation of Thad Stevens and his radical clique by the bold and uncompromising manner in which he denounced them by name, in his speech in Washington on the 22d, as traitors and revolutionists. He took plain issue with them in honest and homely words. He stands for the Constitution and the Union. His enemies, he declares, are working out another Rebellion. The country, we opine, will sustain the President in this view."

What more condemnatory than such an endorsement by such unprincipled journals? It proclaims the recreancy of the President to his official trust in unmistakable terms. "*Finding Congress against him,* [mark that!] he now asks the people to decide in his favor." Modest usurper! immaculate apostate! Why, there has never been a Congress that has so faithfully reflected the will of the people as the present; and to pretend that they are in antagonism is brazen effrontery and arrant demagogueism.

See, now, how the New York *Times* (hisses) helps to swell the Copperhead song of thanksgiving:

"President Johnson made an address in Washington yesterday on the subject of the Union. It will be seen that he indulges in no roundabout phrases in dealing with those whom he believes to be *seeking the destruction of the Union*; nor does any consideration of official dignity or etiquette deter him from meeting, in the most direct and open manner, their implied menaces and denunciations."

Again, says the *Times*:

"When, during the French Revolution, justice and reason were dethroned, neither truth nor innocence afforded protection or safety to the victims whom usurpers 'denounced.' The blinded masses followed self-constituted leaders, and for a season France was rife with horrors. The age of Bastiles and guillotines has passed, but *there is a despotism in Congress as infatuated as that which caused France to weep tears of blood.* The majority of the House of Representatives has invested a 'Committee of Fifteen' with powers which, *under the guidance of a Jacobin chairman, is becoming as odious as any triumvirate created by despotism.*"

Now, this is not only a libellous accusation, but in the very spirit of Rebeldom itself. Pardon the bad grammar for the sake of the truth I express in saying, "the *Times* is out of joint;" and that the editor of that factious sheet deserves a heavier condemnation than any of his secession, copperhead confederates.

Who else has gone over to the enemy? He who once was the target at which the South aimed all her deadly missiles, for proclaiming "the irrepressible conflict" and "the higher law," but the light of whose fame is now covered by a disastrous eclipse. You have seen a telegram from William H. Seward to President Johnson, after the delivery of his infamous speech. I will read it:

NEW YORK, Feb. 23, 1866.

It is all right and safe. The Union is restored and the country safe. The President's speech is triumphant and the country will be happy. * * *

(Signed) W. H. SEWARD.

[Applause and hisses.]

How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the morning! [Cheers and hisses.] It had been far better for thee to have died beneath the stabs of the assassin Payne than to have survived, and forwarded such a besotted telegram to the Presidential leader of the rebel and Copperhead forces of the country. [Loud cheers and hisses.] God may forgive thee, but a betrayed people never can. [Applause.]

But what shall be said or what shall be thought of the lecture delivered here a week ago by the gifted, eloquent [applause], beloved, warm-hearted, well-intentioned, but strangely out of the way pastor of Plymouth Church [applause and hisses]—I mean that portion of it which spoke in such eulogistic terms of President Johnson, in connection with his veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill? Let me first tell you what Bennett's *Herald* says of it: "The address of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on the great political questions of the day, which we published yesterday, is quite a feather in his cap." [Laughter.] No, it is not, if the *Herald* says so. [Renewed laughter.] But the *Herald* adds:

"The example of such a leader of the great emancipation movement will not be without its influence among the religious elements of the North and the blacks of the North. Surely, the President cannot be far wrong when such veteran champions of the black race and their rights as Henry Ward Beecher and *William Lloyd Garrison are among his defenders.* We commend a careful reading of this great discourse of Mr. Beecher to Thaddeus Stevens; for such a reading can hardly fail to do him good, troubled as he is by earthquakes."

Now, so far from being among the defenders of the President, I happened to be in the Senate, at Washington, when his veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill was read; and as soon as I heard it, I spewed it out of my mouth. [Applause.] I do not train in the company of the New York *Herald*, or of James Gordon Bennett. [Renewed applause.]

Taking the first portion of the lecture of my friend, Mr. Beecher, and comparing it with the last, I am reminded of what Peter Pindar says of matrimony:

"O, matrimony! thou art like
To Jeremiah's figs:
The good were very good—the bad
Too sour to give the pigs!"

In his introductory remarks, Mr. Beecher said respecting the freedmen:

"Their liberty is not to be merely a name; we should have something better than a title, a name; and we demand that this liberty shall mean American liberty, civil rights of every nature, and rights of suffrage. * * * Whatever the workmen of the North claim as freemen, I claim for those at the South. * * * They should have the right of suffrage, because it is the natural sequence of emancipation."

Now, this is excellent—it covers the whole ground; and it is largely in accordance with the loyal sentiment in Congress, and throughout the country. But President Johnson believes exactly the reverse of this; yet Mr. Beecher gives him his earnest support! Wherein is he consistent? Of the President's veto he says:

"To the provisions of this bill he sees very serious objections; and I confess that a reading of his veto message has left a profound impression upon my mind of the weight and importance of some of those objections."

Now, I am surprised that Mr. Beecher could give his sanction—somewhat qualified indeed—to the veto. I am confident he had not read it attentively; and I only wish that he could have listened, as I did, to the masterly refutation of it, in the Senate, by Senator Trumbull [loud applause]—who, with great analytical and logical ability, demonstrated that the President had either grossly misconceived or factiously misrepresented every provision of the bill; and not only by his ponderous blows broke the veto in pieces, but utterly pulverized it, and blew its dust to the four winds. [Applause.] Let the joy of Rebeldom over the veto determine what "weight and importance" ought to be attached to it on the part of the friends of the freedmen! In view of it, it is astonishing that Mr. Beecher should say—

"I am sure that no man in this land is more in favor of some legislation that shall amount to efficient protection for the black man than President Johnson himself."

Where is there any evidence of this? On the contrary, the President says he is for handing over the freedmen to "the civil authorities" of the South—which is giving the sheep over to the custody of the wolves for safe keeping.

But the infatuation of Mr. Beecher, in reference to the President, reaches its climax, when he says:

"Do you suppose you will always have a President like President Johnson? He may be mistaken in his judgment; but I am greatly mistaken in my judgment of men if, since the earliest and best days of our Presidency, there has been a man there who was more honest, more single-minded in his devotion to liberty, and who, without bias of any kind, endeavored more conscientiously to do that which he thought to be for the best interests of the country, and of the whole country."

This extraordinary eulogy—by way of extenuation be it said—was bestowed upon the President before the delivery of his infamous speech at the White House; but how he could pronounce it, with the shouts of all that is seditious in the land over the veto ringing in his ears, is inexplicable!

Though Mr. Beecher declares that he is "neither with Congress nor with the President," yet it is certain he is strongly with the latter when he says:

"I hold that the Southern States should be admitted to Congress as soon as possible—quickness is desirable, *delay is an evil.* It may not be best to do it to-day or to-morrow, but, nevertheless, *the delay is an evil;* and if we could do it, it would be well if we could bring them all in to-morrow * * * It is not the South of old that we look at to-day, but *a wholly new South.* God has stood by the sepulchre, and said, 'Come forth'; and the South has come forth, though bound hand and foot. But, nevertheless, I hear the Savior saying, 'Loose her, and let her go.'"

Beyond a peradventure, our friend Mr. Beecher here mistakes the voice of the Adversary for that of the Savior! But he continues;

"Let us not teach these States that they can get along without a representation in Congress. Is not a swift current of *pure blood (!)* better for a diseased limb than bandages and paralyzing bands?"

In answer to this inquiry, I will quote a brief extract from a recent speech made by Alexander H. Stephens (late Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy), at Milledgeville, Georgia, on National affairs:

"We are in the condition of a man with a dislocated limb or a broken leg, and a very bad compound fracture, too, at that. How it was broken should not be with him a question of so much importance as how it can be restored to health, vigor and strength. This requires of him, as the highest duty to himself, to *wait quietly and patiently in splints and bandages until nature resumes her active powers, until the vital functions perform their office. The knitting of the bones and the granulation of the flesh require time.* Perfect quiet and repose, even under the severest pain, are necessary; it will not do to make too great haste to get well; *an attempt to walk too soon will only make the matter worse.* We must, or ought now, therefore, in a similar manner, to discipline ourselves to the same or like degree of patience. I know the anxiety and restlessness of the popular limb to be fully on our feet, again to walk abroad as we once did, to enjoy once more the free out-door air of heaven, with the perfect use of our limbs. I know how trying it is to be denied representation in Congress while we are paying our proportion of the taxes; how annoying it is to be even partially under military rule, and how injurious it is to the general interest of the business of the country to be without post-offices and mail communications, to say nothing of divers other matters on the long list of our present inconveniences and privations. *All these, however, we must patiently bear and endure for a season; with quiet and repose we may get well, get once more on our feet again.* One thing is certain, that bad humor, ill-temper, exhibited either in restlessness or grumbling, will not hasten it."

To all this I respond, "Amen and Amen!" The illustration is perfect, and the argument conclusive. A loyal, patriotic Congress believes with Mr. Stephens, that "an attempt to walk too soon," on the part of the rebel patient, "will only make the matter worse," and that the badly fractured limb should be kept "in splints and bandages until nature resume her active powers, until the vital functions perform their office."

So Congress and all loyal men agree with the President himself in his declaration:

"When those who rebelled comply with the Constitution, *when they give sufficient evidence of loyalty,* WHEN THEY SHOW THAT THEY CAN BE TRUSTED, *when they yield obedience to the law that you and I acknowledge,* I say extend to them the right hand of fellowship, and let peace and union be restored."

Yes, *when* they do all this—and not till then.

But the President proceeds to unmask himself as an arrant dissembler; for, in the next sentence, he boasts that he had successfully fought traitors and treason at the South—"the Davises, the Toombses, the Slidells, and a long list of others"—and that he is "still in the field" to confront similar traitors "at the other end of the line," who "stand opposed to the restoration of the Union of these States," who are "*opposed to the fundamental principles of this Government, and who are laboring to destroy it.*" And when called upon by voices in the crowd to name some of these, he replied, "You ask me who they are. I say, THADDEUS STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, is one; Mr. SUMNER, of the Senate, is another; and WENDELL PHILLIPS is the other." Here is a bold attempt to brand some of the noblest men of whom our country can boast, whose loyalty is beyond all doubt, as fit to be put in the same category with the Slidells, the Toombses, and the Davises of the South! That is to say, they are traitors of the deepest dye! When the President singles out such men as Stevens and Sumner, he really singles out Congress itself, which stands in the way of his reconstruction policy as much as they do; and, therefore, he impeaches the people who elected this Congress to be the exponent (as it is) of their will.

I will refer to another passage in the President's speech, and it is a shocking one. With pretended horror he asks:

"Are the *opponents of the Government* [meaning the loyal members of Congress] not yet satisfied? Are those who *want to destroy our institutions,* and to change the character of the Government, not yet satisfied with the quantity of blood that has been shed? *Are they not satisfied with one martyr in this place? Does not the blood of* LINCOLN *appease their vengeance and their wrath?* Is their thirst still unsatiated? Do they still want more blood? Have they not honor and courage enough to seek to obtain the end *otherwise than by the hand of an assassin?*"

There is no language to characterize such a speech! "The hand of an assassin!" I tell President Johnson, that all the assassins, North and South, are with him! [Tremendous cheering.] I tell him that many of these were in the crowd, and shouting in approval of his words. I tell him that those who conspired against the life of ABRAHAM LINCOLN are, to a man, with him to carry out his high-handed designs, and to shed innocent blood. And I hesitate not to say, that this artful attempt of the President to make it appear that he is in danger of assassination is, in my judgment, made for the purpose of imperilling the lives of CHARLES SUMNER and THADDEUS STEVENS, and loyal men of that stamp. [Cheers and hisses.]

The President opprobriously speaks of the Committee of Fifteen as a "Central Directory." They are a joint Committee of both Houses, composed of high-minded, patriotic men, and appointed carefully to inquire into the actual condition of the late revolted States, in order to ascertain their fitness once more to be represented in Congress by unquestionable loyalty. Now, let it be remembered that only a few weeks have elapsed since their appointment, how vast is the territory they are to examine, and how momentous is the decision they are to make. What ground is there for complaint? They are busily at work in examining witnesses from all parts of the South; but they have not yet had time to get at the letter A of the alphabet of investigation. I know this, however, that they have already accumulated a large amount of testimony, which they will soon lay before the country, and which will astound the loyal people of the North in regard to the treasonable spirit and language of the South at this very time. They have an arduous, painful and delicate duty to perform; and they will discharge the solemn trust committed to them, without fear or favor, and let the President rave and menace as he may.

The South is not in a condition to be in loyal sympathy with the free States of the North, and therefore the Government must hold them, not tyrannically, but mercifully. There is no desire on the part of the North to do anything to the South except to try to bless her and save her; there is no desire for vengeance. We want freedom there, and it must be maintained, and every man put in possession of every right as an American citizen. Congress is doing all that it can for the good of the South. Her deadly enemies are the Copperheads of the North. [Applause.] We desire that the South may have every blessing known and enjoyed at the North, and we are willing to tax ourselves to the extent of many millions of dollars for the purpose of making her the most prosperous part of the country.

The President undertakes to stigmatize Congress as a disunion body, and the *World* speaks of it always as the "Rump Congress." What does all this mean? It is to awaken popular vengeance, to bring down upon Congress the wrath of wild and violent men; and I tell you that with such a President as we have, with such habits as his are, nothing is safe; for, to our peril and shame, we have not a sober man in the Presidential chair. Accusing Congress of being a body of conspirators, he means, if he dare, to perform a *coup d' etat,* and either insist, at the point of the bayonet, upon the admission of the Southern Representatives, or drive Congress out of the Capitol. I believe the Capitol is in greater danger now than it ever was; and, were it not that Lieut.-Gen.-Grant "still lives" (tremendous cheering), I would fear it more than I do.

As for the suffrage question, I arraign, first of all, NEW YORK, and every other free State that disfranchises their colored population, as guilty of flagrant injustice, and by their bad example making it all the more difficult to settle that question at the South in an equitable manner; and I call upon them to make haste and repeal their proscriptive laws, so that in no part of the country shall any citizen be denied the ballot on the ground of his color. It is clearly the right, and as clearly the duty of Congress to set the example of impartial justice towards all classes where it can exercise lawful jurisdiction; and that now, happily, covers not only the District of Columbia, but that vast section of country lately in hot rebellion. The ballot must be insisted on at least as strenuously for the loyal blacks as for pseudo-loyal whites, and as a *sine qua non* to the recognition of State independence, and the withdrawal of the presence and power of the Federal Government from the factious South.

However this momentous question may be settled at this time,—whatever conflicts may be before us, or perils impending over us,—whatever reverses may seem to attend our cause,—of one thing I am confident: as in the past, the successes of the foes of freedom were but temporary, and mightily reacted against them, so it will be again if, by their machinations or plots, or through divisions in the loyal ranks, or by the patronage, connivance and recreancy of President Johnson, they shall achieve some new successes for the hour. If baffled a thousand times in attempting to secure "liberty, equality, fraternity," for all in our land, irrespective of color or race, we shall a thousand times renew the onset, and on that line fight it out till the last vestige of despotism is extirpated, and universal brotherhood vindicated forever under the star-spangled banner.

"They may bind, if they will, the swift clouds as they run—
The storm-bolt, the whirlwind, the tempest of hail;
Turn back the red light to its home in the sun;
Stay the ruin that rides on the wing of the gale;
But they never shall bind, with a tyrant's command,
The spirit of Freedom gone forth in our land;
Nor fetter the Truth, as she moves through the world,
With her hand to the sword, and her banner unfurled."

(Prolonged Applause.)

Mr. THEODORE TILTON, being clamorously called for, then came forward and said: "It is late. Do you believe in ghosts? Turn down these brilliant lights! look through the darkness toward Washington! What do you see? *I see the ghost of John Tyler hanging like a vapor over the Executive chair.* Take warning! Good night!" (Applause.)

The meeting then adjourned.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.

PROPOSED AMENDMENT OF THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION.

NO STATE SHALL MAKE ANY DISTINCTION IN CIVIL RIGHTS AND PRIVILEGES AMONG THE NATURALIZED CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES RESIDING WITHIN ITS LIMITS, OR AMONG PERSONS BORN ON ITS SOIL OF PARENTS PERMANENTLY RESIDENT THERE, ON ACCOUNT OF RACE, COLOR, OR DESCENT.

THE TENNESSEE QUESTION.

PERHAPS no fortnight of the war was a more exciting or important one than that since the President's veto. Certainly there was no period when the country stood up better to its work. The attitude of the loyal North is the more impressive because unexpected. The popular instinct has proved true, though the issue was not so well defined as might have been desired. Eight States by their Legislatures pronounce the veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill an act of treachery. The Republican press, with scarcely an exception from Maine to Minnesota, take ground not merely against the veto, but against the President. A few journals which sometimes claim to belong to the Republican party in order to be able to betray it, defend both the veto and the speech which followed it—or rather there is one such journal which sustains the speech—the N. Y. *Times*—while even the Cincinnati *Commercial* and the *Evening Post*, usually subservient in everything to the President, rebuke him for that harangue. A public opinion so unanimous has made itself felt in Washington, and has given to Congress that support

disfranchisement of rebels, which the Union State Central Committees have recently declared to be impossible. In a remarkable document, of which we gave some account at the time, the representatives of all the loyalty there is in Tennessee avowed that their State government rested wholly on military power; that it would go to pieces if that power were withdrawn; that either with or without the troops, the disfranchisement law would prove inefficient; and that the State, if admitted into the Union, would inevitably pass under the control of the rebel majority. How, then, is it possible for the Tennessee Legislature to comply with the conditions required by these resolutions? We regard the terms demanded by the Reconstruction Committee as equivalent to an absolute exclusion for the present.

THE TEST OF CITIZENSHIP.

In Peace much governmental machinery is only ornamental. Particularly is this true of the military. But when war clouds the sky and heaves the sea, government assumes new importance. Epaulettes take on definitions then, and swords and sashes are no longer only for show and for sham fights. Statesmanship, too, if there be any, becomes solid substance, instead of sound; more than mere brayings about love of country, Constitution and Union. And our military and civil operations in the first years of the war, proved not our possession but our want of these qualities. The military sign and science under which we were to conquer, were unknown to West Point and Winfield Scott. The political wisdom, too, that could alone prevail, was hidden wholly from the most cunning political soothsayers and sorcerers who ever bewildered the people in a fourth of July oration, or a Presidential campaign.

Four years of most savage slaughter, with Emancipation superadded ("the still small voice" after the earthquake, whirlwind and fire), brought us through the war. Without emancipation we should have been fighting still; or perhaps long since we might have been vanquished by the South. At any period in the strife, the words Justice and Freedom proclaimed from the Capitol, would have disarmed every foe and sent millennial gladness and peace like summer sunshine over the land. John Brown with five and twenty men, and with freedom on his banner was more a terror to the South than was ever George B. McClellan at the head of half a million men. He showed the nation wherein lay the strength and weakness of the South. The proclamation of Gen. Fremont in Missouri confirmed the value and importance of the grand experiment. After that, we never lost a battle or a life, because we did not know our enemy, and where was the whole secret of his power. Well had it been for us had we profited by the knowledge gained.

And we think now to relay our foundations on injustice as cruel and blind as was our policy of war. And we fail hitherto as we deserve. Indeed, now is our hour of greatest peril. We sacrificed unknown thousands of brave lives, because we would not do justice. And every drop of that blood is bottled in the eternal remembrance. And to-day Congress and the President are prolonging a strife with the God of the oppressed, which makes them greater rebels against Him, than Jeff. Davis and his confederate crew could be against any earthly authority.

Whatever the nation intended by the war, the Divinity that shapes our ends, had a purpose of his own. The South fought for slavery. None doubt it. The North fought for Union; a Union with slaveholders and slavery. None deny that. Both parties were bold alike in avowing their purpose. Both alike gloried in their cause. Chaplains grave and stately, attended both armies. Both observed days of fasting and thanksgiving, in solemn appeal to the same God, ruler of earth and heaven, as victory cheered or disaster depressed them.

But fortunately, for the good of the whole moral and material universe, both parties were discomfited in their leading purpose. Slavery is indeed a headless monster now, but in the death throes his sting-armed tail may inflict mortal wounds. Those who even now trifle with it, may pay dear for their temerity. He who would not permit us to close the war without emancipation, is equally pledged to the enslaved that there shall not be permanent peace without righteousness. And the sooner the government in all its departments learns that immutable truth, the better.

These remarks have been called forth by the resolutions offered in the Senate on Monday, by Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts. They might properly be entitled, resolutions to provide for the return of rebel States into the Union, with prescribed conditions. The declarative parts first repeal all the old slave and color codes heretofore existing in those States, and then provide—

That there shall be no discrimination whatever in civil rights or immunities, among the inhabitants of the said State, on account of color, race or descent, or a previous condition of slavery or involuntary servitude; but all the inhabitants, without regard to color, race or descent, or any previous condition of slavery or involuntary servitude, shall have the same right to make and enforce contracts, to sue, be parties and give evidence in all courts and causes, to inherit, purchase, lease, sell and convey real and personal property, and to have the full and equal benefit of all laws and proceedings for the protection of person and property, and shall be subject to the same punishments and penalties, and to none other, and that the right of voting for electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, for Representatives to Congress and for the members of the State Legislatures, shall be granted by the said State to the following classes of persons of African descent, viz: All males of the age of twenty-one years and upward who have been duly enrolled and mustered into service in the army or navy of the United States, who pay a tax on real or personal property, and all males of like age, who are able to read the Constitution of the United States and possess the qualifications required by the Constitution of the said State not inconsistent herewith.

All this is Chickahominy warfare at best, if not absolute Bull Run dishonor and defeat. And yet Mr. Wilson is regarded, and justly, as the unconquerable friend of the colored race. But his resolutions are as unworthy of himself as they are unjust to that race, and dangerous to the best interests of the nation. Tennessee he is willing to immediately admit to the Union. And yet every possible reason for rejecting the Carolinas, exists with greater force against her. She even inflicted upon us Andrew Johnson. And the ship that carries such cargo, should ride at remote quarantine a whole generation. But in her was the very essence of rebellion sublimated, and the deadly virus still pours through all her veins, in burning hate towards all loyal men, both white and black. Official testimony has confirmed the fact, sealed with solemn oath and affirmation.

The classes designated by Mr. Wilson as alone eligible to suffrage, should condemn the measure. The history of war does not show it to be a good school for the citizen in peaceful life. Men think slavery a bad college from which to graduate into suffrage and full citizenship. Mr. Wilson surely cannot believe war will mend them. Slavery and war are both dangerous elements to human culture and elevation, as he has long known. "Ability to read the Constitution" also, is a questionable test of fitness for suffrage, though most desirable for its proper uses. To speak or read with the tongues of men or of angels, is no assurance of higher qualities "than sounding brass, or tinkling cymbals." Education that comes of hard, honest work, in daily grapple with the stern facts and resistances of human life, is better in a land like this, if only one be available, than mere reading of any book. Reading and all literary culture possible, should be more than encouraged, but not to make voters alone.

And so of tax-paying as a test. A man's life, or value, or fitness to obey, or even make laws, "consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth," any more now than two thousand years ago. Men are of worth; not their accidents. Once a man was rated by his man and maid servants, his oxen and his asses. But it has long been predicted that it should not always so be. Should not Senator Wilson, in this land of boasted Democracy, instead of enacting new property tests, aid us in fulfilling that desirable prophecy?

Nor should suffrage be conferred as a boon, favor, or reward, to soldiers more than others, even were it not a right. Give gold, give land, but not things sacred and holy. Cheapen not the most precious things, by bestowing them unworthily. But suffrage is "not transferable." It is not a gift of governments. No man can give it to another. He has it only for himself. If it did not come with the right to hear, to see, to breathe, it did not come at all, cannot be had at all. The right to hear, came with the ears—to see, with the eyes—to speak with the tongue and to breathe with the lungs. And the right to vote, to be a full citizen in society, came with the reason, the conscience and the will. With those qualities or elements of character which constitute a free moral agent, a mortal, but also an immortal being—in one short word, *a man*. And until Congress, the President, and all interested, learn to acknowledge and respect that manhood, irrespective of all its accidents, especially of color and race, and to do full justice in awarding it not only emancipation but citizenship and all equal rights, they show an incapacity to comprehend the situation, still less to be masters of it; if not a daring determination still to fight against God. And all their cunning schemes of reconstruction must inevitably fail.

PRINCIPLES, NOT PERSONALITIES.

"Nothing, says Jeremy Bentham, but laborious application, and a clear, comprehensive intellect, can enable a man, on any given subject, to employ relevant arguments drawn from the subject itself. To employ personalities, neither labor nor intellect is required, close and relevant arguments have very little hold on the passions and serve rather to quell than inflame them, while in personalities there is always something stimulant, whether on the part of him who praises or him who blames.

"Personalities draw aside attention, from the measure to the man."

In such an hour as this, when the destiny of the nation is hanging in the balance; wise men trembling at every onward step; the people silently waiting to know what of the future, while every Southern breeze is heavy with the sighs and groans of a despairing race, shall the best men our land can boast, stoop from the high places they have so justly held before this nation, to search for motes in each others eyes?

No no! there is better work for Republicans and Abolitionists to do than stabbing those who labor by their side. The republic needs this hour, the best word and work, of every statesman and philosopher, there is no time, or power, to waste in personal bickering.

Admit that Sumner, Stevens, and Phillips, are self-complacent, overbearing, critical, or vituperative, what have we to do with their idiosyncracies of disposition, so that they lay before the people sound views on government, and clearly point out their duties in the reconstruction. We are passing through a revolution such as the world has never witnessed. In fixing the status of the negro, our civil, political and social institutions are all upheaved, we hear no certain sound in church or state, but here and there a few voices that through these years of conflict have warned the people of their danger. They now tell us, in a true republic, in justice and equality to all, they hold a chart and compass that can pilot us safely through all dangers, that they know the rocks where other ships of state have gone down and where the light houses and harbors of safety are. They tell us that all men, black and white, are created equal. That all men, black and white, should exercise the right of suffrage to protect their lives liberty and property. That it is never safe for a nation to trust any vital interest to the discretion of its rulers. All arguments drawn from the supposed virtues of men in power are opposed to the first principles on which all laws proceed. They tell us, moreover, that the work of anti-slavery statesmen is not done, until from Maine to Louisiana, the black man enjoys civil, political, and social equality. They tell us slavery is not dead, neither in fact or spirit. Our Fathers declared all men to equal, and enslaved every African on the continent, in the same breath. Our Constitution is amended, but not a statute law crippling the black man has been repealed through all the Southern States. If slavery is dead, what is Congress talking about? What bills will the President veto? Did Charles Sumner occupy the Senate six hours, merely for the pleasure of making a speech on an abstraction? On all points, the nation needs the thoughts and words of men like these, far more than they need its criticism. If the time should ever come, when the people passively resign themselves into their hands, it will be all important to warn them that they also are human and will abuse their power; but at this time, woe to the nation if it heed not their warning voice. Inasmuch as in a republic the people govern, it is their interest to know the real condition of the country and what measures are necessary to its safety; and it is equally the interest of rulers and politicians to keep them in ignorance—hence their hostility to those who would unveil their plans and purposes. Hence they attack such men as Garrison and Phillips, because they show the people that the power and stability of the government rest on the virtue, intelligence and freedom of the masses and not on the tricks of politicians; that changing organizations are not the government, and it is no matter which party succeeds, as most politicians, by whatever name, seek merely personal aggrandizement and not the real good of the nation. Rulers do not wish to have their plans criticized, nor their blunders discovered, and if the eyes of the people can be fixed on the foibles of the men who do these things, their measures will not be considered. No one expects politicians, priests or the popular press to refute arguments, for it is their cue to play on popular prejudices. It always has been a trick with those in power, when wise men of any generation have proposed improvement in legislation, to rouse the fears of the people, lest in any change the government should be overturned. This string was very successfully pulled in the last Presidential campaign, when it was shown that it would not do "to swap horses in the middle of a stream."

What most concerns the people in all their prominent men, is their principles. It does not matter whether Mr. Garrison's resurrection, according to the *Herald*, is from the infernal regions or from the heaven of Plymouth church and the Republican party. But when he plants himself on the Declaration of Independence and claims to echo the doctrines of the Fathers, why does not the *Sunday Times* show us exactly where in Jefferson and Garrison differ and the fallacies in his arguments, instead of giving us a tirade on the President's habits. If Andrew Johnson sees fit to take a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities, like good Timothy of old, what matters it—if he only keep himself in line with eternal principles, of justice, when sober. His policy of reconstruction is what most interests the nation, though we would suggest that as the gallows has been banished from view for the sake of public morals, national honor might require our chief rulers to remain in their own castles during these periods of humiliation and not publish their shame in telegrams, inaugurals or birth-day speeches. Is it too much to expect that in times like these all men should be just and generous; that principles and not personalities be pressed on public attention; that we appeal to the judgment and not the passions, remembering that dangers beset us on every side?

Important Investigation.—Some of the Washington journals intimate that more rebels are pardoned and restored to their estates than the President would be willing the country should know. It is said that "thirty millions of dollars have recently very mysteriously disappeared." This may account for the introduction by Mr. Stevens of the following resolution on Monday last, in the House of Representatives:

Mr. Stevens offered a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the President to communicate to the House information on the following points: To how many persons worth more than $20,000 each he has issued special pardons, and what are their names; how much property, real, personal and mixed, seized and forfeited as enemy's property, has been taken from the enemies of the Government who claimed to be the original owners; whether such persons had been soldiers in the armies of the so-called Confederate States, or had been giving aid and comfort to the enemy; how much abandoned property that had been taken possession of under act of Congress and had been allotted to freedmen and occupied by them has been ordered to be restored to returning rebels, and the occupants (the freedmen) displaced, stating the particular property thus restored, and by whose order the same was done.

Another Washington item is this, in the *Reconstructionist*: "The slave trade is in successful operation in the South. Negroes are carried off by the ship load and sold in Cuba. It is thought by intelligent officers there, that one-fourth of the entire slave population has been murdered, sold, and killed by exposure and abuse." And Mr. Morgan of New York on Monday in the Senate introduced a resolution, which was adopted, calling upon the President for information in regard to the alleged kidnapping of colored persons on the Southern coast, and their sale as slaves in Cuba or elsewhere. And not less remarkable and mysterious is this: The *Tribune* has seen a letter from Washington which says:

"On the 18th of December last the President, in reply to a resolution of the Senate asking, among other things, for copies of the reports of John Covode and Carl Schurz, said 'no reports from the Hon. John Covode has been received.' There is unquestioned authority for saying that Mr. Covode did make a report, that he had some conversation with the President in respect to it, that he read its concluding part to the President, and was by him directed to file it in the War Department. It was so filed, and was supposed to be there till within a very recent period. It is now stated that search has been made for it, and that it is missing.

The Radical—A Monthly, Devoted to Religion.—The February number of this valuable journal contains three articles worthy a thoughtful reading by those who would mould public sentiment in these eventful days—"James Freeman Clarke on Authority," "John Weiss on the Dangers of our Political Machinery," and D. A. Wasson on the New Epoch in Belief. There is a striking harmony in the facts, and philosophy of these three articles, alike recognizing, in the present upheaving of old customs, creeds and castes, the new and higher life into which the nations of the earth are being born. All point in one direction, the sacredness of industrial life, thought, and action. They recognize no authority for saint or citizen higher than spiritual wants and natural rights. In claiming to be devoted to religion, it is a religion that is to lift up both Church and State into the realm of purity, justice and truth, not a religion to be sent by missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, but to the heart and head of our own republic as the following extract from the pen of the editor in the March number fully shows:

"The next number of this Magazine will be devoted mainly to a consideration of public affairs. But I cannot let the present number go to press, and not occupy the space that is yet left by putting down what I believe to be the truest word that can be uttered. America was never threatened by so appalling a danger as now. Never before was so much power lodged in the hands of a President of this country, with the disposition, openly declared, to use it for evil. President Johnson is a bold, dangerous man. He is animated by a spirit kindred with that which inspired the rebellion. The foes of liberty throughout the land have claimed him from the beginning. *They knew their own.* This is no time to pour oil on the troubled waters. The battle is to be fought out. Not yet is 'LIBERTY victorious!' Nor will it be—Men and Women of America—while there remains a public man or party, to question the principles of the Republic. The time to discuss those principles has passed. God and humanity now demand their application!"

The President's Idea of Loyalty.—The New York *Tribune* says: "the Rev. Dr. Bacon of New Haven testifies that Gen. Terry told him recently that if his troops were materially reduced he should be obliged to remove his headquarters from Richmond to Fortress Monroe. In other words, *a Major-General of the United States does not think himself safe in Richmond without an army to back him.* Yet the President thinks Virginia ought to be instantly admitted into Congress." And we have heard, too, at The Standard office, that Dr. Bacon thinks with the President on that question.

"Sacrificing Principle."—The Oberlin *News* that was foremost in supporting the claims of the present Governor of Ohio to the office he now holds and dishonors, and that solemnly excused and apologized for his weak, but more wicked letter and speech against giving suffrage and citizenship to the colored man, now says, commenting on "the situation," "*If, without sacrificing principle, the President can be held in the Union party, all good men will be glad.*" It is difficult to understand such organs when they talk about "principle."

To Our Pennsylvania Subscribers.—When we came to this post last Summer, it was strongly advised, for the greater simplicity and accuracy of keeping accounts, that all remittances from Pennsylvania, as well as elsewhere, should be made directly to the New York office, discontinuing the agency for that purpose in Philadelphia. The change so counselled was made, and announced in The Standard. Some appear to have forgotten, or possibly were never aware of it. It should be borne in mind now, that all moneys for The Standard are to be sent directly to the office, 48 Beekman street, New York.

Book Notices.—Hon. Gerrit Smith has sent us a handsomely-printed tract of 30 pages, entitled "The Theologies," which is well worth the purchase of inquiring minds. Though the subjects so ably and so calmly considered are not strictly within the province of The Standard's mission, there would be strong temptation to transfer some pages to its columns, were they not so continually crowded.

The Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of the New York Metropolitan Police, is a pamphlet of over ninety pages, swollen with statistical and other information, much of it of a thrilling character. Albany: C. Wendell. 1866.

Littell's Living Age, Feb. 24 and March 3, are both unusually attractive. The latter has an excellent article on Richard Cobden; also one on Lord Clarendon as a historian; Fenian Literature; An Evening with Dr. Livingstone and several others.

PERSONAL.

Mr. G. H. Hammond, a teacher of the freedmen in Virginia, is reported to have been assaulted by armed ruffians, ducked several times in the Shenandoah, and threatened with death unless he left the place within three days. He was sent out by the American Missionary Association of this City.

It has been ascertained, from authority deemed trustworthy, that Mr. Prince, a clerk in one of the Departments here, who was recently suspended for expressing himself hostile to the President's policy and conduct, owes his removal to exertions of Mrs. Cobb, the rebel pardon-broker and friend of the President.

The staff officers of Maj.-Gen. R. Saxton have presented him with a splendid silver vase, gold lined, and a silver salver. Both articles inscribed as follows: "Presented to Bvt. Maj.-Gen. Saxton, by the members of his staff, as a token of their affection and regard. Charleston, S. C., Jan. 15, 1866."

A hall was engaged in Washington for Frederick Douglass to lecture in on Tuesday evening last, and a retaining fee paid to make the contract sure. The Democratic owner, on learning that the speaker would be a shade darker than himself, refused to open his hall, and returned the money which had been given him in advance. Legal proceedings will be instituted against him by the Association, and another hall secured for the lecture.

The Washington correspondent of the Worcester *Spy* says: "Andrew Johnson is an *able* man; how able I never realized till yesterday. All results are involved in his policy. Had he a cabinet as able and as desperate, the dire results which the near future would bring, could hardly be named now. We stand on the verge of fierce strife, to meet which the country should gather its strength and gird up its loins. This man is no weak Buchanan, and he means to crush Congress or be crushed."

A Washington dispatch to the New York *Tribune* says: "The Massachusetts Legislature has selected the statues of Gov. Winthrop as their representative of the Colonial period; John Adams, of the Revolutionary age; and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, as the representative of the struggle for freedmen, to be placed in the old Hall of Representatives, now devoted to State contributions of art." The same writer reports that—As an index of the disloyalty so highly stimulated and encouraged here of late, the portrait of President Lincoln was hissed at the tableaux exhibition at Odd Fellows Hall, given in aid of the poor of the city. Another portrait, that of Gen. McClellan, was cheered.

The Rev. Dr. Demarest, one of the leading divines of the Dutch Church, left a very eligible charge in Newark, to settle in Chicago. One of the main reasons given for leaving Newark was that he had ten years' labor, in the form of sermons, of which he was desirous of availing himself. But, alas! literary wealth, like material, will take to itself wings. The car of the American Express Company, in which were his sermons, took fire, and all were consumed. A wicked wag says it was a *burning* shame, and wonders whether it was an instance of "spontaneous combustion."

The Christian *Enquirer* says: "The late speech of Alexander H. Stephens is full of loyal intentions and disloyal ideas—a compound of admiration for the chivalry and respect for the Union; recollections of Fort Warren and hopes of Congressional honors. His advice is sage, but his sophistries are silly." That is about our own estimate of it, and so we have not deemed it worthy of space in the columns of The Standard. The *Enquirer* also says: "The speech of President Johnson on the 22d has filled his friends with sorrow. *It is too bad in matter and spirit for criticism, and altogether too sad for censure.* It shows an irritation, an exasperation and personal bitterness which, however they may palliate the words, are beneath the dignity of the head of a great nation.

A Chicago correspondent of the Boston *Congregationalist* writes thus one day last week: "Anna Dickinson lectured for two hours last evening, to a crowded audience in Smith and Nixon's Hall, giving her new lecture, "Flood Tide." Must we not admit that she is one of those rare, exceptional women, brought forward in Divine providence like the prophetesses of old, like Joan of Arc, for a public life? Such seems to be the conviction of those who hear her, however much opposed in principle to female preaching." Was it ever claimed in Israel, or inculcated, that prophetesses were "*exceptional women*," merely because they being women could prophesy?

Ten years ago, says a Louisiana writer, a young mulatto ran away from the plantation of Mr. Charles Ambrose, a sugar lord at Bayou Fourche, La., stealing himself—a piece of property worth a thousand dollars. In the North he amassed a fortune of a quarter of a million. A few days ago he went back to his old home, travelling in open daylight, with as little fear of bloodhounds and fugitive slave laws as if he were a white man, found his aged father and mother among the freed folks, and settled them comfortably, and presented a cottage and a piece of land to his widowed mistress, whose family had been beggared by the war.

The Roxbury *Journal*, one of the truest of the Massachusetts Republican papers, says: "If Wendell Phillips has any share of that almost universal weakness of humanity which rejoices to see events confirm its judgments, he must look with no ordinary complacency upon the present aspect of affairs. Derided and abused almost universally for months for prophesying the apostacy of President Johnson and the return of rebel influence to the chief places of government, he has lived to see his worst predictions more than realized, and many of those who were swiftest to condemn him acknowledging with confusion their own error and his superior foresight. The fact is—and we may as well confess it—Mr. Phillips has been about the only man who justly comprehended the political aspect. He carefully weighed President Johnson's language to the colored men, and logically reasoned from it the character of the man who gave it utterance. In doing this, he penetrated to facts with unerring insight, and photographed what Mr. Johnson would become even before that functionary himself understood where he was tending. None but a powerful mind could do this. That Mr. Phillips has a powerful mind, we should think it about time for this generation to acknowledge. That there are great faults accompanying it, we freely admit. It is much too one-sided to operate with full justice to its faculties; it is altogether too loose in verifying what it assumes to be facts, and makes embarrassing blunders in consequence; but, spite of these defects, Mr. Phillips has a clear and penetrating mental vision beyond almost any of his contemporaries. He is years in advance of his generation, and, in incurring their hate because of this, he is no exception to the line of prophets in all ages who have preceded him."

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Philadelphia, March 4, 1866.

To the Editor of the Standard:

The third lecture of the Course now in progress by the Social and Statistical Association, was delivered by Gen. Carl Schurz, who spoke with a vigor, earnestness and great boldness befitting this momentous hour. It is a time for bold and strong words, uttered with fearless resolution; and this noble lecture could not have failed to exert a salutary influence upon the minds of the vast audience, strengthening and deepening their convictions of duty in the dark period through which we are passing. A report of that lecture I sent to another paper, where I trust it will find a good field for beneficent influence.

The fourth lecture of the Course was by Mrs. F. E. Watkins Harper, who performed her part in a manner worthy of the highest commendation. Her frequent illustrations elicited praise for their excellence; her many happy hits and quaint thrusts called forth irresistible applause; and the forcible beauty of language that clothed her eloquent periods commanded general admiration.

She began by referring to the wonderful changes of the last five years, extending her view back to that period when freedom was nowhere to be found, when even in Independence Hall she had witnessed trials involving the question, whether a man had a right to own that temple in which God had enthroned his soul, or whether it belonged to another. Colored men had stretched forth their hands for freedom in Massachusetts as to a safe refuge, but had been dashed back into the gaping jaws of slavery. Had I dared to go to Maryland, said she, the land of my birth, I might have been arrested for no other crime than simply going into the State, and the second visit might have doomed me as a slave. Now, however, the air that fans my mother's grave is the air of freedom.

She remarked that one great compensation we have received from the war is, that it gives the nation an opportunity to retrace its steps, and place itself upon the broad basis of equal justice and universal liberty. It seems as though God had said to us—"I have hidden the secret of this continent for ages in my bosom. I have concealed it as the loveliest gem in the coronet of the universe. Build me a nation—one that shall make the world better, by its presence, and nobler by its example."

Twice has this glorious opportunity been offered. The first time was when the nation secured its independence. The second now presents itself, and the country trembles in the balance. Mr. Phillips says the "South is victorious." Mr. Garrison says that "Liberty is triumphant." I take the middle ground and say that the conflict is not yet ended.

Mrs. Harper reviewed our past history, beginning with the time when our fathers sent forth to the world that glorious enunciation of human rights, the Declaration of Independence, which was the best expression of the nation's conscience. She alluded to the great and fatal error of permitting slavery to infuse its leprous poison into the veins of the nation, which, in view of what it eventually led to, was held up as a warning example for to-day. The various triumphs of slavery were instanced, one after another, which carried the nation step by step to the great rebellion. It was necessary to refer to the past in order that we may derive wisdom from its lessons. The same old picture we behold to-day. History repeats itself, and we are lapsing into the compromising spirit. To-day you stand reconstructing the government, and the same temptation comes up to compromise, to lay anew this nation, not upon the broad basis of eternal justice, but upon the shifting sands of expediency.

After the Dred Scott Decision she thought the nation had touched bottom. She said she was mistaken. The lowest depth was reached when the nation, after stretching forth its hand in the hour of peril for aid from a feeble race, spurned them in the hour of victory, saying to the black man—you were good enough for a soldier, but you are not good enough for a citizen. The force of her denunciation was increased by the instances of heroism, valor, and sacrifice that were cited, showing, in view of the black man's courage and services, how exceedingly ungrateful and cruel was the conduct of the government toward him. Her rebuke was scornfully stinging, and her denunciation was pathetically severe. Were I a white man, she exclaimed, I should be ashamed to go down to posterity branded with the guilt and infamy of withholding justice from the colored man.

We have heard that treason was the worst of crimes; but, she asked, would anybody know it? It is safer in this country to be a white traitor than a loyal black man. Andrew Johnson has a very peculiar way of making treason "odious."

How the audience enjoyed the manner in which she held this man Andrew Johnson up for ridicule and scorn! She very candidly declared that she *did not admire him.* He may have in him the elements of a great man, but circumstances have been against him. He has had bad surroundings. Very likely he was badly born. Probably he was badly brought up. He has been a slaveholder. Since he has been President he has been surrounded by strange company, who have exerted a questionable kind of influence over him. His speech of the 22d I have rather enjoyed. You know I do not belong to any political party, and as you put women, negroes and idiots all together, I have a right "to speak out in meeting." I look upon Mr. Johnson's action as being very ridiculous, and scarcely worth talking about. You remember his remark about being willing, in order to save the Union, to send all the negroes to Africa, and have that continent sunk in the depths of the Atlantic ocean! The wretched inconsistency of his course was shown, and how far his actions deviated from his promises and professions.

He once said—"I am ready to have the negroes vote." There was the opportunity, she remarked, the nation's great opportunity to take that opinion and crystalize it into grand and glorious action. What did the nation do? Mr. Johnson said he was ready, but looking over the country, did he find the North ready? No. There was Ohio shirking the issue. With New York and Pennsylvania it was the same old story. Connecticut was denying the negro the ballot after the service he had rendered in the battle-field. But one bright star hung over the gloomy horizon. That was Iowa. She gave a handsome majority in favor of universal suffrage. She had placed upon her brow the laurel that Pennsylvania should be glad to wear.

Mrs. Harper spoke of the repeated disasters that were experienced in the beginning of the war, remarking how success was delayed as long as justice to the slave was deferred. The second election of Abraham Lincoln of blessed memory was the first clear evidence that the Northern people were permeated with justice. After that, Congress caught the inspiration of your action, and awarded to slavery the only privilege to which it was entitled, the right to die. Then came victory after victory. Triumph marked the progress of your armies everywhere. Charleston, which had so long withstood all efforts to possess it, at last, like a ripe apple, fell into your hands, fully ripe and very much rotten! Other cities were captured; success followed success, and the final victory came. Jefferson Davis then buried the Southern Confederacy in the "last ditch," and covered it over with a woman's waterproof!

The secret of your success lay in the right hand of God. You could grasp the victory only when you had snapped the chains of slavery.

What has been the lesson of the war? As you were just, so were you prosperous. You began to reconstruct the Union. It seems as though you were like the Bourbons. Napoleon said they learned nothing and forgot nothing. Do you suppose the mariner would be wrecked on the same rock the second time?

She protested against the negro being put off with scraps of rebel kindness. Nothing could be more cruel or more worthy of severest censure, than to leave him helpless in the hands of his old master. I do not know how much more judgment we are to have; perhaps we are only going to have the rebels and copperheads united!

The President spoke of the extermination of the negro race. The speaker remarked that, having lived through two hundred and fifty years of slavery, they can most likely live through two hundred and fifty years of freedom, and still extend the time. Andrew Johnson may be strong, but God is stronger. After having passed through this terrible red sea of blood and peril and sacrifice, though Moses may forsake the negro, yet, I do not feel that God will. Mr. Johnson was going to be our *Moses!* What would you have thought of the great leader of the Israelites, had he set them all to work cutting poles to fish out the floundering Egyptians?

Mrs. Harper gave excellent advice to the colored people concerning the work they have to accomplish in the development of their faculties, the exercise of their energies, and whatever may tend to exalt them in manhood and honor, and elevate them to their proper place among the other races in this Western World.

She warned the people respecting the danger of leaving the great question of the hour unsettled, or in an unsatisfactory condition. You may thus be building rifle-pits under the cradles of your children, and placing magazines of powder under your nurseries. The colored man has seen the light. It would be fatal to press him back into the darkness. You have given him a taste of freedom. He never would be willing to sit down at the feet of the rebels, and take just such measure of kindness as they should choose to give him. The colored people of the South are acquiring knowledge daily. Education is dawning upon their minds. The time may come when some black Washington among them, some William Tell, may hew out their pathway to freedom. Is it not wiser then for the nation in its work of reconstruction, to accomplish it in such a manner as to make another war impossible?

Ignorant as the colored man was, she considered him a better scholar than his master in his devotion to his country. Ignorant as he was of art, science and literature, he understood the philosophy of the war well enough to know how to gravitate to the Union Armies, and bring the most reliable information to our Northern generals. He knew the difference between the scream of the Northern Eagle, and the hiss of the Southern rattle-snake.

She desired that the Union might be reconstructed on the basis of the principles that vivify the Declaration of Independence, practically acknowledging that "*all* men are created equal," and extending to all a sure guarantee in support of their right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

O.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, March 3, 1866.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Sir: Last Monday evening I attended the lecture of Mrs. Frances D. Gage, at Leaton Hall, in this city. It was the first time it has ever been my good fortune to listen to the eloquence of that noble worker in the field of humanity, though for years my mind has followed her career with earnest interest, as one of the first and ablest of the glorious women of our land—a land, thank God! which can boast of more genius, talent and heroism among the fairer sex than all other lands combined. Her subject was, "Life Among the Sea Islands, and Emancipated Labor." The audience assembled early, and was one of the finest ever congregated in Washington, comprising the *literati*, members of Congress, and, best of all, the workers in and sympathizers with the cause of Human Freedom. On the platform were Rev. John Pierpont, whose white hairs have blossomed with humane and glorious deeds; Speaker Colfax, Representatives Julian and Alley, Miss Clara Barton, and many others; while the audience was adorned with the presence of Robert Purvis (whose classical face, graceful and accomplished manners, eloquent words, and fiery thoughts ever remind me of Wendell Phillips—or, perhaps, of *Moses*) and his son, with many others of position and fame. All were quiet, intelligent and appreciative. The lecturer was introduced by the Honorable Chairman, in a few happy remarks, and she then delivered an address which, for earnestness, graceful rhetoric, pathos, wit and sublimity, I have seldom heard equalled—never excelled. She paid a most glowing tribute to Gen. Saxton, under whose command the Sea Islands were in 1863, the time when the speaker was there; gave most interesting details of the condition of the most abused class of plantation slaves, after being abandoned by their masters and by the United States forces; portrayed the trials and difficulties which they had to contend with in organizing a system of free labor, and spoke with truthfulness and accuracy of the happy results of that enterprise, and that, too, among the sick, maimed, halt, blind, deaf and aged of the plantation slaves; her efforts, and those of her daughter, in contending with that fearful disease—the small-pox—their success in the treatment, having a hundred cases and not losing one, and this, too, *with only a small box of Homœopathic medicines;* the gratitude and love of those people, won by kindness; her former knowledge of slavery; her interest in the cause of emancipation and free labor; the successful termination of the experiment—all woven together in a most elaborate and beautiful manner; her sharp arrows of wit and thorough appreciation of "the political situation," and finally, closing with one of the sublimest perorations I ever heard. For two hours the audience were thus enchained, none leaving their seats, and scarcely changing their position. 'Tis glorious to find these noble women, who have toiled so long in behalf of truth and progress, who have endured the sneers, gibes and ostracisms of the world, are now sought after by the proud and great, who come to bring offerings and crown their brows with laurels; while thousands whom their efforts have uplifted and disenthralled, are singing their praises. Such a woman is Mrs. Frances D. Gage.

Visitor.

CALL FOR A PEACE CONVENTION.

To all persons reached by this greeting—who believe in the universal Brotherhood of Man—who acknowledge the supremacy of the Divine Law of Love to God and Love to Man—who abhor War, and all resorts to Deadly Force between human beings—who honor Jesus Christ as the Prince of Peace—and who are willing, by all the consistent means of self-sacrifice and moral suasion, to labor for the promotion of perfect Peace among mankind throughout the earth:

You are hereby earnestly invited, irrespective of sex, color, creed, nationality, or residence, to assemble at Mechanic (Tremont Temple,) in Boston, Mass., on Wednesday, the 14th day of March next, at 10 o'clock a.m., in order to hold a Convention of at least two days' continuance—in which to exchange fraternal expressions of sentiment—to consider what ought to be done in behalf of the Peace Cause—and, if practicable, to organize a new, uncompromising, vigorous and well-ordered Movement against the War System, on the basis of Total Abstinence from all resorts to Deadly Force among mankind, between individuals, families, communities, States and nations. Important propositions will be laid before the Convention, and doubtless able speakers participate in its discussions. Conductors of the press, pulpit, and all other organs of public intelligence, are respectfully requested to aid in giving publicity to this call.

Issued this 21st day of January, 1866, by order of the General Committee appointed on the subject at "An Informal Peace Conference," held in Boston, December 12, 1865.

Adin Ballou, Hopedale, Mass.
Ezra H. Heywood, Princeton, Mass.
Joshua P. Blanchard, Boston, "
Lysander S. Richards, " "
Alfred H. Love, Philadelphia, Pa.,
Sub-Committee.

APPROVED AND SECONDED BY

Judge A. G. W. Carter, Cincinnati, Ohio; A. B. Child, M.D., Boston, Mass.; Thomas Haskell, Gloucester, Mass.; Henry C. Wright, Boston, Mass.; George S. C. Dow, Esq., Medford, Mass.; D. M. Allen, Newbury, Ohio; Elizabeth B. Chase, Valley Falls, R. I.; Charles Perry, Westerly, R. I.; Stephen S. Foster, Worcester, Mass.; Abby K. Foster, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. J. G. Fish, New Jersey; Alonzo Phelps, Marlboro', Mass.; Lucretia Mott, Philadelphia, Pa.; John Roper, Princeton, Mass.; D. B. Morey, Malden, Mass.; L. K. Joslin, Providence, R. I.; I. H. Ober, Newbury, Ohio; Wm. S. Heywood, Newton, Mass.; Lucy H. Ballou, E. D. Draper, Anna T. Draper, Sarah B. Holbrook, S. Jane Hatch, Emily Gay, Harriet Albee, David Beal, Sarah A. Thwing, Emeline Beal, Elma A. Comstock, Almira B. Humphrey, Louisa Humphrey, S. W. Bancroft, Sarah M. Whipple, B. J. Butts, Harriet Greene, Caroline H. Lallie, Mary A. Doule, Mary Hayward, Ichabod Davis, Nancy W. Lewess, M. A. Dutcher, H. Amelia Chapman, Wm. H. Humphrey, Mary Davis, Hepsie Chapman, George O. Hatch, A. H. Harlow, E. S. Stimpson, I. A. Stimpson, William G. Comstock, Hopedale, Mass.; R. Wyman, Cambridge, Mass.

CONGRESS.

The proceedings of Congress cover much space in the papers, but *proceed*, so far, at slow pace. *Deliberations* would be a more descriptive term; for surely the movements are deliberate enough. On Friday, however, one thing got done and tolerably well done. A special dispatch to the New York *Times* says:

"One of the vexed questions that have agitated Congress for the past ten days or so, was finally disposed of in the Senate this evening at 7 o'clock. The concurrent resolution which passed the House early last week, and which has since almost wholly occupied the Senate, came to a vote in the last named body, and was passed by yeas 28 to 18 nays, the Democrats all voting against the resolution. Among the Republicans who voted with the Democrats were Senators Morgan, Doolittle, Lane of Kansas, Dixon, Norton and Stewart. The discussion this afternoon lasted over six hours, and was remarkably scattering and desultory, none of the speakers save Mr. Doolittle and Mr. Cowan attempting to argue directly the real points involved in the resolution which was nominally before the Senate."

The resolution as adopted was as follows:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, That in order to close agitation upon a question which seems likely to disturb the action of the Government, as well as to quiet the uncertainty which is agitating the people of the eleven States which have been declared to be in insurrection, no Senator or Representative shall be admitted into either branch of Congress from any of the said States until Congress shall have declared such States entitled to representation."

The House had before adopted it, and being a concurrent expression independent of Presidential approval, it is a deed done.

The resolution was stoutly opposed of course by Garret Davis of Kentucky, who for some mysterious reason is permitted to dishonor a seat in the House

Miscellaneous Department.

NOT ALONE.

Open the window, darling,
Long has the sun been high,
And the skylark sings upon quivering wings
Far in the bright blue sky.
Strange and deep is the joy of sleep
When the cares of day are flown,
When we wholly forget its fever and fret—
Not alone, ah, not alone.

Open the window, darling,
Sweet is the breath of day:
Though nought can eclipse thy ruddy young lips,
No sweeter in truth are they.
Golden bright is the Sun's broad light—
Let us wander forth, my own:
Let me lie on the turf by the cool white surf—
Not alone, ah, not alone.

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

MY COUNTRYMEN.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From the Cornhill Magazine.

ABOUT a year ago, the *Saturday Review* published an article which gave me, as its articles often do give me, much food for reflection. The article was about the unjust estimate which, says the *Saturday Review*, I form of my countrymen, and about the indecency of talking of "British Philistines." It appears that I assume the truth of the transcendental system of philosophy, and then lecture my wiser countrymen because they will not join me in recognizing as eternal truths a set of platitudes which may be proved to be false. "Now there is in England a school of philosophy which thoroughly understands, and, on theoretical grounds, deliberately rejects, the philosophical theory which Mr. Arnold accuses the English nation of neglecting; and the practical efforts of the English people, especially their practical efforts in the way of criticism, are for the most part strictly in accordance with the principles of that philosophy."

I do not quite know what to say about the transcendental system of philosophy, for I am a mere dabbler in these great matters, and to grasp and hold a system of philosophy is a feat much beyond my strength; but I certainly did talk about British Philistines, and to call people Philistines when they are doing just what the wisest men in the country have settled to be quite right, does seem unreasonable, not to say indecent. Being really the most teachable man alive, I could not help making, after I had read the article in the *Saturday Review*, a serious return, as the French say, upon myself; and I resolved never to call my countrymen Philistines again till I had thought more about it, and could be quite sure I was not committing an indecency.

I was very much fortified in this good resolution by something else which happened about the same time. Every one knows that the heart of the English nation is its middle class; there had been a good deal of talk, a year ago, about the education of this class, and I among others had imagined it was not good, and that the middle class suffered by its not being better. But Mr. Bazley, the member for Manchester, who is a kind of representative of this class, made a speech last year at Manchester, the middle-class metropolis, which shook me a good deal. "During the last few months," said Mr. Bazley, "there had been a cry that middle-class education ought to receive more attention. He confessed himself very much surprised by the clamor that was raised. He did not think that class need excite the sympathy either of the legislature or the public." Much to the same effect spoke Mr. Miall, another middle-class leader, in the *Nonconformist:* "Middle-class education seems to be the favorite topic of the hour, and we must confess to a feeling of shame at the nonsense which is being uttered on the subject. It might be thought from what is said, that this section of the community, which has done everything else so well,—which has astonished the world by its energy, enterprise, and self-reliance, which is continually striking out new paths of industry and subduing the forces of nature,—cannot, from some mysterious reason, get their children properly educated." Still more strong were the words of the *Daily News* (I love to range all the evidence in black and white before me, though it tends to my own discomfiture) about the blunder some of us were making: "All the world knows that the great middle-class of this country supplies the mind, the will, and the power for all the great and good things that have to be done, and it is not likely that that class should surrender its powers and privileges in the one case of the training of its own children. How the idea of such a scheme can have occurred to anybody, how it can have been imagined that parents and schoolmasters in the most independent and active and enlightened class of English society, how it can have been supposed that the class which has done all the great things that has been done in all departments, will beg the government to send inspectors through its schools when it can itself command whatever advantages exist, might seem unintelligible but for two or three considerations." These considerations do not much matter just now; but it is clear how perfectly Mr. Bazley's stand was a stand such as it becomes a representative man like Mr. Bazley to make, and how well the *Daily Telegraph* might say of the speech, "It was at once grand, genial, national, and distinct;" and the *Morning Star* of the speaker: "He talked to his constituents as Manchester people like to be talked to,—in the language of clear, manly intelligence, which penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value. His speech was thoroughly instinct with that earnest good sense which characterizes Manchester, and which, indeed, may be fairly set down as the general characteristic of England and Englishmen everywhere."

Of course if Philistinism is characteristic of the British nation just now, it must in a special way be characteristic of the representative part of the British nation,—the part, by which the British nation is what it is, and does all its best things,—the middle class. And the newspapers, who have so many more means than I of knowing the truth, and who have that trenchant, authoritative style for communicating it which makes so great an impression, say that the British middle-class is characterized, not by Philistinism, but by enlightenment; by a passion for penetrating through sophisms, ignoring commonplaces, and giving to conventional illusions their true value. Evidently it is nonsense, as the *Daily News* says, to think that that this great middle-class which supplies the mind, the will, and the power for all the great and good things that have to be done, should want its schools, the nurseries of its admirable intelligence, meddled with. It may easily be imagined that all this, coming on the top of the *Saturday Review's* rebuke of me for indecency, was enough to set me meditating; and after a long and painful self-examination, I saw that I had been making a great mistake.

I had been breaking one of my own cardinal rules: the rule to keep aloof from practice, and to confine myself to the slow and obscure work of trying to understand things, to see them as they are. So I was suffering deservedly in being taunted with hawking about my nostrums of state schools for a class much too wise to want them, and of an Academy for people who have an inimitable style already. To be sure I had said that schools ought to be things of local, not state, institution and management and that we ought not to have an Academy; but that makes no difference. I had been meddling with practice, proposing this and that, saying how it might be if we had established this or that. I saw what danger I had been running in thus intruding into a sphere where I have no business, and I resolved to offend in this way no more. Henceforward let Mr. Kinglake belabo. the French as he will, let him describe as many tight, merciless lips as he likes; henceforward let Educational Homes stretch themselves out in the *Times* to the crack of doom, let Lord Fortescue bewitch the middle class with ever new blandishments, let any number of Mansion House meetings propound any number of patchwork schemes to avoid facing the real difficulty; I am dumb. I let reforming and instituting alone; I meddle with my neighbor's practice no more. *He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still, and he that is holy, let him be holy still.*

This I say as a sincere penitent; but I do not see that there is any harm in my still trying to know and understand things, if I keep humbly to that, and do not meddle with greater matters, which are out of my reach. So having once got into my head this notion of British Philistinism and of the want of clear and large intelligence in our middle class, I do not consider myself bound at once to put away and crush such a notion, as people are told to do with their religious doubts; nor, when the *Saturday Review* tells me that no nation in the world is so logical as the English nation, and the *Morning Star*, that our grand national characteristic is a clear intelligence which penetrates through sophisms, ignores commonplaces, and gives to conventional illusions their true value, do I feel myself compelled to receive these propositions without absolute submission as articles of faith, transcending reason; indeed, this would be transcendentalism, which the *Saturday Review* condemns. Canvass them, then, as mere matters of speculation, I may; and having lately had occasion to travel on the Continent for many months, during which I was thrown in company with a great variety of people, I remembered what Burns says of the profitableness of trying to see ourselves as others see us, and I kept on the watch for anything to confirm or contradict my old notion, in which, without absolutely giving it up, I had begun certainly to be much shaken and staggered.

I must say that the foreign opinion about us is not at all like that of the *Saturday Review* and the *Morning Star*. I know how madly the foreigners envy us, and that this must warp their judgment; I know, too, that this test of foreign opinion can never be decisive; I only take it for what it is worth, and as a contribution to our study of the matter in question.

But I do really think that the admirers of our great class, which, as its friends and enemies both agree, risen into such preponderating importance of late years, and now returns the House of Commons, dictates the policy of Ministers, makes the newspapers speak with its voice, and in short governs the country,—I do think, I say, the admirers of this great class would be astounded if they could hear how cavalierly a foreigner treats this country of their making and managing. "It is not so much that we dislike England," a Prussian official, with the graceful tact of his nation, said to me the other day, "as that we think little of her." The *Cologne Gazette*, perhaps the chief newspaper of Germany, published in the Summer a series of letters, much esteemed, I believe, by military men, on the armies of the leading Continental powers. The writer was a German officer, but not a Prussian. Speaking of a false military system followed by the Emperor Nicholas, whose great aim was to turn his soldiers into perfectly drilled machines, and contrasting this with the free play left to the individual soldier in the French system: "In consequence of their purely mechanical training," says this writer, "the Russians, in spite of their splendid courage, were in the Crimean war constantly beaten by the French, nay, decidedly beaten *even by the English and the Turks.*"*

Hardly a German newspaper can discuss territorial changes in Europe, but it will add after its remarks on the probable policy of France in this or that event: "England will probably make a fuss, but what England thinks is of no importance." I believe the German newspapers must keep a phrase of that kind stereotyped, they use it so often. France is our very good friend just now, but at bottom our "clear intelligence penetrating through sophisms," and so on, is not held in much more esteem there than in Germany. One of the gravest and most moderate of French newspapers—a newspaper, too, our very good friend, like France herself, into the bargain—broke out lately, when some jealousy of the proposed Cholera Commission in the East was shown on this side the water, in terms which, though less rough than the "great fool" of the *Saturday Review*, were still far from flattering. "Let us speak to these English the only language they can comprehend. England lives for her trade; cholera interrupts trade; therefore it is England's interest to join in precautions against cholera."

Compliments of this sort are displeasing to remember, displeasing to repeat; but their abundance strikes the attention; and then the happy unconsciousness of those at whom they are aimed, their state of imperturbable self-satisfaction, strikes the attention too, and makes an inquisitive mind quite eager to see its way clearly in this apparent game of cross purposes. For never, surely, was there such a game of cross purposes played. It came to its height when Lord Palmerston died the other day. Lord Palmerston was England: "the best type of our age and country," the *Times* well called him; he was "a great representative man, emphatically the English Minister"; the interpreter of the wishes of that great middle-class of this country which supplies the mind, the will, and the power requisite for all the great and good things that have to be done, and therefore "acknowledged by a whole people as their best impersonation."

Monsieur Thiers says of Pitt, that though he used and abused the strength of England, she was the second country in the world at the time of his death, and the first eight years afterwards. That was after Waterloo and the triumphs of Wellington. And that era of primacy and triumphs Lord Palmerston, say the English newspapers, has carried on to this hour. "What Wellington was as a soldier, that was Palmerston as a statesman." When I read these words in some foreign city or other, I could not help rubbing my eyes and asking myself if I was dreaming. Why, taking Lord Palmerston's career from 1830 (when he first became Foreign Secretary) to his death, there cannot be a shadow of doubt, for any one with eyes and ears in his head, that he found England the first power in the world's estimation, and that he leaves her the third, after France and the United States. I am no politician; I mean no disparagement at all to Lord Palmerston, to whose talents and qualities I hope I can do justice; and indeed it is not Lord Palmerston's policy, or any Minister's policy, that is in question here; it is the policy of all of us, it is the policy of England; for in a government such as ours is at present, it is only, as we are so often reminded, by interpreting public opinion, by being "the best type of his age and country," that a Minister governs; and Lord Palmerston's greatness lay precisely in our all "acknowledging him as our best impersonation."

Well, then, to this our logic, our practical efforts in the way of criticism, our clear, manly intelligence penetrating through sophisms and ignoring common-places, and, above all, our redoubtable phalanx possessing these advantages in the highest degree, our great middle-class, which makes Parliament, and which supplies the mind, the will, and the power requisite for all the great and good things that have to be done, have brought us to the third place in the world's estimation, instead of the first. He who disbelieves it, let him go round to every embassy in Europe and ask if it is not true.

The foreigners, indeed, are in no doubt as to the real authors of the policy of modern England; they know that ours is no longer a policy of Pitts and aristocracies, disposing of every movement of the hoodwinked nation to whom they dictate it; they know that our policy is now dictated by the strong middle part of England—England happy, as Mr. Lowe, quoting Aristotle, says, in having her middle part strong and her extremes weak; and that, though we are administered by one of our weak extremes, the aristocracy, these managers administer us, as a weak extreme naturally must, with a nervous attention to the wishes of the strong middle part, whose agents they are.

It was not the aristocracy which made the Crimean war; it was the strong middle part—the constituencies. It was the strong middle part which showered abuse and threats on Germany for mishandling Denmark; and when Germany gruffly answered, *Come and stop us*, slapped its pockets, and vowed that it had never had the slightest notion of pushing matters so far as this. It was the strong middle part which, by the voice of its favorite newspapers, kept threatening Germany, after she had snapped her fingers at us, with a future chastisement from France, just as a smarting school-boy threatens his bully with a drubbing to come from some big boy in the background. It was the strong middle part, speaking through the same newspapers, which was full of coldness, slights, and sermons for the American Federals during their late struggle; and as soon as they had succeeded, discovered that it had always wished them well, and that nothing was so much to be desired as that the United States and we should be the fastest friends possible. Some people will say that the aristocracy was an equal offender in this respect: very likely; but the behavior of the strong middle part makes more impression than the behavior of a weak extreme; and the more so, because from the middle class, their fellows in numberless ways, the Americans expected sympathy, while from the aristocracy they expected none. And, in general, the faults with which foreigners reproach us in the matters named—rash engagement, intemperate threatening, undignified retreat, ill-timed cordiality—are not the faults of an aristocracy, by nature in such concerns prudent, reticent, dignified, sensitive on the point of honor; they are rather the faults of a rich middle class—testy, absolute, ill-acquainted with foreign matters, a little ignoble, very dull to perceive when it is making itself ridiculous. * * *

I have got into much trouble for calling my countrymen Philistines, and all through these remarks I am determined never to use that word; but I wonder if there can be anything offensive in calling one's countryman a young man from the country. I hope not; and if not, I should say, for the benefit of those who have seen Mr. John Parry's amusing entertainment, that England and Englishmen, holding forth on some great crisis in a foreign country,—Poland, say, or Italy,—are apt to have on foreigners very much the effect of the young man from the country who talks to the nursemaid after she has upset the perambulator. There is a terrible crisis, and the discourse of the young man from the country, excellent in itself, is felt not to touch the crisis vitally. Nevertheless, on he goes; the perambulator lies a wreck, the child screams, the nursemaid wrings her hands, the old gentleman storms, the policeman gesticulates, the crowd thickens: still, that astonishing young man talks on, serenely unconscious that he is not at the centre of the situation.

Happening to be much thrown with certain foreigners, who criticized England in this sort of way, I used often to think what a short and ready way one of our hard-hitting English newspapers would take with these scorners, if they fell into its hands. But being myself a mere seeker for truth, with nothing trenchant or authoritative about me, I could do no more than look shocked and begin to ask questions. "What!" I said, "you hold the England of to-day cheap, and declare that we do not comprehend the situation; yet you rate the England of 1815 so high, and call our fathers and grandfathers the foremost people in Europe. Did they comprehend the situation better than we?" "Yes," replied my foreign friends, "the situation as they had it, a great deal better. Their time was a time for energy, and they succeeded in it perfectly. Our time is a time for intelligence, and you are not succeeding in it at all."

[Mr. Arnold then puts into the mouths of these foreigners with whom he makes a feint of arguing, a statement of his own opinions, from which we give extracts:]

* * "This aristocracy was high-spirited, reticent, firm, despising frothy declamation. It had all the qualities useful for its task and time; Lord Grenville's words, as early as 1793: 'England will never consent that France shall arrogate the power of annulling at her pleasure, and under the pretence of a pretended natural right, the political system of Europe'; these few words, with their lofty strength, contain, as one may say, the prophecy of future success; you hear the very voice of an aristocracy standing on sure ground, and with the stars in its favor. Well, you succeeded, and in 1815, after Waterloo, you were the first power in Europe. 'These people have a secret,' we all said; 'they have discerned the way the world was going, and therefore they have prevailed; while on the other hand, the "stars in their courses fought against Sisera."' We held you in the greatest respect: we tried to copy your constitutional government; we read your writers. 'After the peace,' says George Sand, 'the literature of Great Britain crossed the straits, and came to reign amongst us.' It reigned in Byron and Scott, voices of the great aristocratical spirit which had just won the victory; Scott expressing its robust, genial conservatism, holding by a thousand, roots to the past; Byron, its defiant force and indomitable pride.

"We believed in you for a good while; but gradually it began to dawn upon us that the era for which you had the secret was over, and that a new era, for which you had not the secret, was beginning. * * * But whatever class dictates it, your course, allow us to say, has not of late years been intelligent,—has not, at any rate, been successful. And, depend upon it, a nation who has the secret of her era, who discerns which way the world is going, is successful, keeps rising. Can you yourselves, with all your powers of self-satisfaction, suppose that the Crimean war raised you, or that your Indian mutiny raised you, or that your attitude in the Italian war raised you, as your performances at the beginning of the century raised you? Surely you cannot. You held your own, if you will; you showed tenacity; you saved yourselves from disaster; but you did not raise yourselves, did not advance one jot.

"Can you, on the other hand, suppose that your attitude in the Danish business, in the American business, has not lowered you? You are losing the instincts which tells people how the world is going; you are beginning to make mistakes; you are falling out of the front rank. The era of aristocracies is over; nations must now stand or fall by the intelligence of their middle class and their people. The people with you is still an embryo; no one can yet quite say what it will come to. You lean, therefore, with your whole weight upon the intelligence of your middleclass. And intelligence, in the true sense of the word, your middle class has absolutely none. * * *

"Every nation must have wished to be England in 1815, tried by the old standard: must we all wish to be England in 1865, tried by the new standard? Your aristocracy, you say, is as splendid, as fortunate, as enviable as ever; very likely; but all the world cannot be aristocracy. What do you make of the mass of your society, of its vast middle and lower portion? Are we to envy you your common people; is our common people to wish to change places with yours; are we to say that you, more than we, have the modern secret here? Without insisting too much on the stories of misery and degradation which are perpetually reaching us, we will say that no one can mix with a great crowd in your country, no one can walk with his eyes and ears open through the poor quarters of your large towns, and not feel that your common people, as it meets one's eyes, is at present more raw, to say the very least, less enviable-looking, further removed from civilized and humane life, than the common people almost anywhere. Well, then, you are not a success, according to the modern standard, with your common people. Are you a success with your middle class? They have the power now; what have they made of themselves? what sort of a life is theirs? A life more natural, more rational, fuller of happiness, more enviable, therefore, than the life of the middle classes on the Continent? Yes, you will say, because the English middle class is the most industrious and the richest. But it is just here that you go a great deal too fast, and so deceive yourselves.

"What brings about, or rather tends to bring about, a natural, rational life, satisfying the modern spirit? This: the growth of a love of industry, trade, and wealth; the growth of a love of the things of the mind; and the growth of a love of beautiful things. There are body, intelligence, and soul all taken care of. Of these three factors of modern life, your middle class has no notion of any but one, the first. Their love of industry, trade, and wealth is certainly prodigious; and their example has done us a great deal of good: we too are beginning to get this love, and we wanted it. But what notion have they of anything else? Do but look at them, look at their lives. Some of us know your middle class very well—a great deal better than your own upper class in general knows them. Your middle class is educated, to begin with, in the worst schools of your country, and our middle classes is educated in the best of ours. What becomes of them after that? The fineness and capacity of a man's spirit is shown by his enjoyments; your middle class has an enjoyment in its business, we admit, and gets on well in business and makes money; but beyond that? Drugged with business, your middle class seems to have its sense blunted for any stimulus besides, except religion; it has a religion narrow, unintelligent, repulsive. All sincere religion does something for the spirit, raises a man out of the bondage of his merely bestial part, and saves him; but the religion of your middle class is the very lowest form of intelligential life which one can imagine as saving.

"What other enjoyments have they? The newspapers, a sort of eating and drinking which are not to our taste, a literature of books almost entirely religious or semi-religious, books utterly unreadable by an educated class anywhere, but which your middle class consumes, they say, by the hundred thousand; and in their evenings, for a great treat, a lecture on teetotalism or nunneries. Can any life be imagined more hideous, more dismal, more unenviable? Compare it with the life of our middle class as you have seen it on the Rhine this Summer, or at Lausanne, or Zurich. The world of enjoyment, so liberalizing and civilizing, belongs to the middle classes there, as well as the world of business; the whole world is theirs, they possess life; in England the highest class seems to have the monopoly of the world of enjoyment, the middle class enjoys itself, as your Shakspeare would say, in hugger-mugger, and possess life only by reading in the newspapers, which it does devoutly, the doings of great people. Well then, we do not at all want to be as your middle class; we want to learn from it to do business and to get rich, and this we are learning a great deal faster than you think; but we do not, like your middle class, fix our consummation here: we have a notion of a whole world besides not dreamed of in your middle class's pilosophy: so they, too, like your common people, seem to us no success. They may be the masters of the modern time with you, but they are not solving its problem. They cannot see the way the world is going, and the future does not belong to them. Talk of the present state of development and civilization of England, meaning England as they represent it to us! Why, the capital, pressing danger of England, is the barbarism of her middle class; the civilization of her middle class is England's capital, pressing want. * *

* * "You may have done—for you—much for religious toleration, social improvement, public instruction, municipal reform, law reform; but the French revolution and its consequences have done, upon the Continent, a great deal more. Such a spectacle as your Irish Church Establishment you cannot find in France or Germany. Your Irish land-question you hardly dare to face,—Stein settled as threatening a land-question in Prussia. Of the schools for your middle class we have already spoken; while these schools are what they are, while the schools for your poor are maintained in the expensive, unjust, irrational way they are, England is full of endowments and foundations, capable by themselves, if properly applied, of putting your public education on a much better footing. In France and Germany all similar funds are thus employed, having been brought under public, responsible management; in England they are left to private, irresponsible management, and are, in nine cases out of ten, wasted. You talk of municipal reform; and cities and the manner of life in them have, for the modern business of promoting a more rational and humane life in the great body of the community, incalculable importance. Do you suppose we should tolerate in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, your London corporation and London vestries, and London as they make it? In your provincial towns you do better; but even there, do the municipalities show a tenth part either of the intelligence or the care for the ends, as we have laid them down, of modern society, that our municipalities show?

"Your middle-class man thinks it the highest pitch of development and civilization when his letters are carried twelve times a day from Islington to Camberwell, and from Camberwell to Islington, and if railway trains run to and fro between them every quarter of an hour. He thinks it is nothing; that the trains only carry him from an illiberal, dismal life at Islington to an illiberal, dismal life at Camberwell; and the letters only tell him that such is the life there. A Swiss burgher takes heaven knows how many hours to go from Berne to Geneva, and his trains are very few: this is an extreme on the other side; but compare the life the Swiss burgher finds or leaves at Berne or Geneva with the life of the middle class in your English towns. Or else you think to cover everything by saying: 'We are free! we are free! Our newspapers can say what they like!' Freedom, like industry, is a very good horse to ride—but to ride somewhere. You seem to think that you have only got to get on the back of your horse of Freedom, or your horse Industry, and to ride away as hard as you can, to be sure of coming to the right destination. If your newspapers can say what they like, you think you are sure of being well advised. That comes of your inaptitude for ideas, and inaptitude for clap-trap; you can never see the two sides of a question; never perceive that every human state of things, even a good one, has its inconveniences. We can see the conveniences of your state well enough; and the inconveniences of ours, of newspapers not free, and prefects over-busy; and there are plenty of us who proclaim them. You eagerly repeat after us all we say that redounds to your own honor and glory; but you never follow our example yourselves. You are full of acuteness to perceive the ill-influence of our prefects on us; but if any one says to you, in your turn, 'The English system of a great landed aristocracy keeps your lower class a lower class forever, and materializes and vulgarizes your whole middle class,' you stare vacantly at the speaker, you cannot even take in his ideas; you can only blurt forth, in reply, some clap-trap or other about a 'system of such tried and tested efficiency as no other country was ever happy enough to possess since the world was a world.'" * * *

** After this my original tormentor once more took up his parable. "You see now what I meant," he said, "by saying that you did better in the old time, in the day of aristocracies. An aristocracy has no ideas, but it has a policy,—to resist change. In this policy it believes, it sticks to it; when it is beaten in it, it holds its tongue. This is respectable, at any rate. But your great middle class, as you call it, your present governing power, having no policy, except that of doing a roaring trade, does not know what to be at in great affairs,—blows hot and cold by turns,—makes itself ridiculous in short. It was a good aristocratical policy to have helped Austria in the Italian war; it was a good aristocratical policy to have helped the South in the American war. The days of Aristocratical policy are over for you; with your new middle-class public opinion you cut, in Italy, the figure our friend here has just shown you; in America you scold right and left, you got up a monster memorial to deprecate the further effusion of blood; you lament over the abridgment of civil liberty by people engaged in a struggle for life and death, and meaning to win; and when they turn a deaf ear to you and win, you say, 'O, now let us be one great united Anglo-Saxon family and astonish the world.' This is just of a piece with your threatening Germany with the Emperor of the French. Do you not see that all these blunders dispose the Americans, who are very shrewd, and who have been succeeding as steadily as you have been failing, to answer: 'We have got the lead, no thanks to you, and we mean to astonish the world without you.'

"Unless you change, unless your middle class grows more intelligent, you will tell upon the world less and less, and end by being a second Holland. We do not hold you cheap for saying you will wash your hands of all concerns but your own, that you do not care a rush for influence in Europe; though this sentence of your Lord Bolingbroke is true: 'The opinion of mankind, which is fame after death, is superior strength and power in life.' We hold you cheap because you show so few signs, except in the one department of industry, of understanding your time and its tendencies, and of exhibiting a modern life which shall be a signal success. And the reaction is the stronger because after 1815 we believed in you as now-a-days we are coming to believe in America. You had won the last game, and we thought you had your hand full of trumps, and were going to win the next. Now the game has begun to be played, and we have an inkling of what your cards are; we shrewdly suspect you have scarcely any trumps at all."

THE PEABODY GIFT TO THE POOR OF LONDON.—The correspondence in which Geo. Peabody, the eminent London banker, supplements his munificent gift of $75,000 to the London poor, by another of $600,000, has been published. The conditions of the second gift are substantially the same as the first—the United States minister at London to be always one of the trustees. Mr. Peabody's letter to minister Adams, announcing the new donation, contains the following paragraphs:

"I now propose that, as soon as a deed can be prepared by your solicitor to fully and legally meet the views and directions which I shall state herein, to transfer into your names 5,000 fully paid up shares of stock in the Hudson's Bay Company, of £20 each, amounting to £100,000 and representing one-twentieth part of that vast territory. It is my desire that all dividends, as they fall due and are collected, shall be at once invested in shares of the company until the market value of the capital and invested accrued dividends reaches the sum of £120,000, which, it is my impression, may be within two or three years; but should I be mistaken in this anticipation, and should the market value of the entire shares, including those acquired by the reinvestment of dividends, be less than £100,000 at the expiration of two years from this date, I will at that time either make up the deficiency or take the shares, paying for them £100,000 in cash, as the trustees may think best for the interest of the fund; and in the event of my death before that time my executors will be duly authorized and directed to fulfil this engagement.

"Taking the joint capital of the two gifts at a minimum of £250,000, it will form a fund, the operation of which is intended to be progressive in its usefulness as applied to the relief of the poor of London (so correctly defined in your recent report), without exclusion in consequence of religious belief or political bias. It will, therefore, act more powerful in future generations than in the present; it is intended to endure forever. A century in the history of London is but a brief period comparatively with the life of man, and should your successors continue the management of the charity as you have begun it, it is my ardent hope and trust that within that period the annual receipts from rents for buildings of this improved class may present such a return that there may not be a poor working man of good character in London who could not obtain comfortable and healthful lodgings for himself and his family at a cost within his means."

The trustees are empowered to purchase eligible sites anywhere within ten miles of the Royal Exchange on which comfortable and convenient houses are to be erected for the exclusive accommodation of the honest and industrious poor, schools, and other facilities for instruction added, and markets of all necessary descriptions provided where the tenants can supply themselves on the coöperative principle. Mr. Peabody modestly hopes his example will stir up others to aid the scheme which he has so nobly begun, and which the trustees, Lord Stanley being chairman, say, in the acknowledgment of the donation of $600,000, it will furnish a permanent income, the judicious expenditure of which must in time exert an irresistible influence in raising the character of that class of houses which are now occupied by the laboring population in all parts of the metropolis; and thus to a remote posterity Mr. Peabody's name will continue to be held in grateful remembrance by the people of London, as the benefactor of the poor on a scale hitherto unequaled in England or any other country.

THE LEADER OF THE SPANISH REVOLT.—Don Juan Prim is a grandee of Spain of the first class. He was born in Reus, a town in Catalonia, near Tarragona, Dec. 6, 1814. In the civil war which arose after the death of Ferdinand VII. in 1833 and lasted six years, Prim fought on the constitutional side against Don Carlos. In his 25th year he was made Colonel, and was elected as a deputy to successive Parliaments. Near 1843 he arose to the rank of a Major-General, and was soon after implicated in a conspiracy against Narvaez, and was condemned to death. Through some influence he was pardoned and appointed Captain-General and Governor of Porto Rico. While there he went to the rescue of the Danish gardison of Santa Cruz, in peril from a negro insurrection. Although his services in this matter were very acceptable to the Danish government, he was recalled by the colonial minister of Spain for leaving his own charge exposed. While in Spain devoting his services to the rapidly changing Cabinets of that period, he became involved in another conspiracy and was banished. He did not stay long in exile, and soon turned up in the camp of the allies before Sebastopol, as Military Commissioner from Spain. In 1856 he married a Mexican lady with a large fortune, and in 1858 was made a member of the Senate. The war with Morocco broke out soon afterwards, when Prim so distinguished himself that he received his highest title of a grandee. In 1861 he was sent out as commander of the Spanish contingent, in the joint expedition of England, France and Spain to Mexico. It is well remembered how he promptly declined to follow in the lead of Napoleon in Mexican affairs, and returned with the English forces. Since that time he has been mixed up in the maze of Spanish politics, and has at last crowned his many attempted exploits at revolution with an armed and organized rebellion.

He is said to be passionately addicted to the pleasures of the chase, and has very extensive hunting grounds and a mansion which has been the rendezvous of roving characters of every description, who were ready to lend a hand in every kind of a hunt or rebellion as the case might warrant. His country house at Villarubia is said to have hiding places where hundreds of bandits could be secreted, and away in the woods and deep in the gorges of the Toledo mountains he has built huts, hunting boxes, and all kinds of sheds as available for the purposes of war as for the requirements of the chase. Here, in the centre of a whole region devoted and familiar to him, he has chosen the theatre of his revolutionary exploits. Here, as well as in many parts of Catalonia, he is said to have stores of arms and ammunition.

We do not know how far this statement of the present condition of Gen. Prim and of the scene of his operations may be depended on. It is given by the Madrid correspondent of the London *Times*, and if true may account for the paucity of intelligence concerning his movements.

BROUGHAM'S ADVICE TO MACAULAY.

[The following is a copy of a well known letter of Lord Brougham—first printed by Professor Selwyn—to the father of the late Lord Macaulay.]

NEWCASTLE, March 10, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND: My principal object in writing to you to-day is to offer you some suggestions, in consequence of some conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, who has spoken of your son (at Cambridge) in terms of the greatest praise. He takes his account from his son; but from all I know, and have learned in other quarters, I doubt not that his judgment is well formed. Now you, of course, destine him for the bar, and assuming this and the public objects incidental to it are in his views, I would fain impress upon you (and through you upon him) a truth or two, which experience has made me aware of, and which I would have given a great deal to have been acquainted with earlier in life from the experience of others.

First, that the foundation of all excellence is to be laid in early application to general knowledge is clear; that he is already aware of, and equally so it is (of which he may not be so well aware) that professional eminence can only be attained by entering betimes into the lowest drudgery, the most repulsive labors, of the profession. Even a year in an attorney's office, as the law is now practiced, I should not hold too severe a task, nor too high a price to pay, for the benefit it must surely lead to; but, at all events, the life of a special pleader, I am quite convinced, is the thing before being called to the bar. A young man whose mind has once been well imbued with general learning, and has acquired classical propensities, will never sink into a mere drudge. He will always save himself harmless from the dull atmosphere he must live and act in, and the sooner he will emerge from it, and arrive at eminence. But what I wish to inculcate especially, with a view to the great talent for public speaking which your son happily possesses, is that he should cultivate that talent in the only way in which it can reach the height of art; and I wish to turn his attention to two points. I speak on this subject with the authority both of experience and observation; I have made it very much my study in theory; have written a great deal upon it which may never see the light, and something which has been published; have meditated much and conversed much on it with famous men; have had some little practical experience in it, but have prepared for much more than I ever tried, by a variety of laborious methods—reading, writing, much translation, composing in foreign languages, etc., —and I have lived in times when there were great orators among us; therefore I reckon my opinion worth listening to, and the rather because I have the utmost confidence in it myself, and should have saved a world of trouble and much time had I started with a conviction of its truth:

1. The first point is this—the beginning of the art is to acquire a habit of easy speaking; and in whatever way this can be had (which individual inclination or accident will generally direct, and may safely be allowed to do so) it must be had. Now, I differ from all other doctors of rhetoric in this—I say, let him first of all learn to speak easily and fluently; as well and as sensibly as he can, no doubt, but at any rate let him learn to speak. This is to eloquence, or good public speaking, what the being able to talk in a child is to correct grammatical speech. It is the requisite foundation, and on it you must build. Moreover, it can only be acquired young, therefore let it by all means, and at any sacrifice, be gotten hold of forthwith. But in acquiring it, every sort of slovenly error will also be acquired. It must be got by a habit of easy writing (which, as Wyndham said, proved hard reading); by a custom of talking much in company; by speaking in debating societies, with little attention to rule, and more love of saying something at any rate than of saying anything well. I can even suppose that more attention is paid to the matter in such discussions than to the manner of saying it; yet still to say it easily, *ad libitum*, to be able to say what you choose, and what you have to say—this is the first requisite, to acquire which everything else must for the present be sacrificed.

2. The next step is the grand one; to convert this style of easy speaking into chaste eloquence. And here there is but one rule. I do earnestly entreat your son to set daily and nightly before him the Greek models. First of all, he may look to the best modern speeches (as he probably has already); Burke's best compositions, as the "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents," speech "On American Conciliation," and "On the Nabob of Arcot's Debts;" Fox's "Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny," (the first part of which he should pore over till he has it by heart), "On the Russian Armament," and "On the War" (1803), with one or two of Wyndham's best, and a very few, or rather none, of Sheridan's. But he must by no means stop here. If he would be a great orator, he must go at once to the fountain head, and be familiar with every one of the great orations of Demosthenes. I take for granted that he knows those of Cicero by heart; they are very beautiful, but not very useful, except perhaps the "Milo," "Pro Ligario," and one or two more; but the Greek must positively be the model; and merely reading it, as boys do, to know the language, won't do at all; he must enter into the spirit of each speech, thoroughly know the positions of the parties, follow each turn of the argument, and make the absolutely perfect and most chaste and severe composition familiar to his mind. His taste will improve every time he reads and repeats to himself (for he should have the fine passages by heart), and he will learn how much may be done by a skilful use of a few words and a rigorous rejection of all superfluities. In this view, I hold a familiar knowledge of Dante to be next to Demosthenes. It is in vain to say that imitations of these models won't do for our times. First, I do not counsel any imitation, but only an imbibing of the same spirit. Secondly, I know from experience that nothing is half so successful in these times (bad though they be) as what has been formed on the Greek models. I use a very poor instance in giving my own experience, but I do assure you that both in courts of law and in Parliament, and even to mobs, I have never made so much play (to use a very modern phrase) as when I was almost translating from the Greek. I composed the peroration of my speech for the Queen in the Lords, after reading, and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks, and I composed it twenty times over at least, and it certainly succeeded in a very extraordinary degree, and far above any merits of its own. This leads me to remark that though speaking with writing beforehand is very well until the habit of easy speech is acquired, yet after that, he can never write too much; this is quite clear. It is laborious, no doubt, and it is more difficult, beyond comparison, than speaking off hand, but it is necessary to perfect oratory, and at any rate it is necessary to acquire the habit of correct diction. But I go further and say, even to the end of a man's life he must prepare, word for word, most of his finer passages. Now, would he be a great orator or no? In other words, would he have almost absolute power of doing good to mankind in a free country, or no? So he wills this, he must follow these rules. Believe me truly yours, H. BROUGHAM.

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DIABETES,

Stone in the bladder, Calculus, Gravel, Brick Dust Deposit, and Mucous or Milky Discharges after urinating, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, Strangury and Burning, or Painful Urinating.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms.

Are you troubled with that distressing pain in the small of the back and through the hips? A teaspoonful a day of the Constitution Water will relieve you like magic.

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have long since given up the use of buchu, cubebs and juniper in the treatment of these diseases, and only use them for the want of a better remedy.

CONSTITUTION WATER

has proved itself equal to the task that has devolved upon it.

DIURETICS

irritate and drench the kidneys, and by constant use soon lead to chronic degeneration and confirmed disease.

We present the Constitution Water to the public with the conviction that it has no equal in relieving the class of diseases for which it has been found so eminently successful for curing; and we trust that we shall be rewarded for our efforts in placing so valuable a remedy in a form to meet the requirements of patient and physician.

Dysmenorrhœ